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## THE REV. ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, D.D.

BY JOHN CARROLL, D.D.

THERE is a natural and laudable curiosity in the minds of intelligent people to know the antecedents and secrets of the success of those who have risen to influential positions in any department of our modern civilized life; and the Rev. Dr. Sutherland's relation to one of the most populous denominations of the country, and his activity in some of the most useful moral enterprises of the day, constitute him a person about whom all our readers would like to know something.

Dr. Sutherland's history is suggestive. Methodism arose in a British university, and during its history it has done much to originate and extend higher education, but it does not restrict the choice of its agents to university men. Its natural tendency is to energize unprivileged minds, and to foster self-education. It is, furthermore, so free and flexible in its genius, that it can, and does, lay hold of those original and gifted minds which, but for its influence, would never be protruded beyond the surface of society; and some of these have become its most distinguished exponents, propagators, and ornaments. The Rev. Dr. Dewart, presented in these pages four months ago, is one among many examples we might easily produce and pourtray. Dr. Sutherland is another.

The Scotch have deservedly gained the reputation of intelligence and sagacity. Our subject is of Scottish parentage, but he was born and brought up in Ontario, his native place being the township of

Guelph, where his nativity occurred September 17th, 1833, four or five years later in history than Dr. Dewart. By his going into the town of Guelph at the age of fourteen to learn the printing business, his youth and young manhood enjoyed urban advantages, say for six or eight years. He is far from boastful of scholastic advantages: a very few months in a public school in the township, and some opportunities in the old red lyceum in the town, known as the "Grammar School," where he learned the elements of Latin, comprised his early educational opportunities. But then he possessed powers of uncommon clearness, quickness, and retentiveness. Furthermore, he was an insatiable and omnivorous, and of course very miscellaneous reader. He read everything in the shape of a book, or paper, that came in his way; and his position in a printing office brought him in contact with these aids to an unusual extent. Besides, he often acted as "local," or paragraphist, which quickened his powers of observation, and taught him to embody and condense his thoughts.

After his going to town, circumstances threw him into the Methodist Sunday-school and under the Methodist ministry. From 1851 to 1853 the station was supplied by the revivalistic, hymn-singing George Goodson, who presented many attracting features to young men; and young Sutherland was one of his converts, whose native cleverness now took the direction of giftedness in prayer and speaking, and he became an exhorter; beyond which office, however, he had not really graduated when he was taken hold of by a Chairman, the pushing Lewis Warner, and thrust out on a Circuit—Clinton—one ample enough in its dimensions to give him a wholesome experience of old-style itinerant life. This took place during the Conference year 1855-56. At the next Conference he was regularly received on trial, and appointed to Galt and Berlin, on the Berlin part of which he was continued the next year. The following Conference year, 1858-59, he was allowed by the Conference to attend Victoria College. His brief continuance there was enough to demonstrate to the President of the institution that he had a student of the very first class capabilities, whom it was painful to see taken from those higher studies and again thrust into active life at the end of the year.

He was now, 1859, received into full connection, and placed in charge of Niagara, where he remained two years. He was one

year at Drummondville, at the end of which time he was needed in Hamilton, where he was the colleague of the Rev. Dr. Harper three years. Then he had charge of Yorkville three years, at the end of which time he was as many years in the important Richmond Street Circuit, Toronto; whence he stepped into Montreal Centre, where, however, Connexional demands allowed him to remain only a year and a half, since which time he has been entrusted with general Connexional offices alone.

For such situations he has proved himself unusually well adapted. He filled the Secretary's office in the old United Conference two years in succession—that is to say, in 1870 and 1871. He ably filled the appointment of fraternal delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, which assembled in Brooklyn, New York, 1872. At the first General Conference of the Methodist Church in Canada, in 1874, he was elected the Secretary-Treasurer of the Missionary Society, in the place of the Rev. Dr. Taylor, who had previously resigned. At the second General Conference, in 1878, he was elected Secretary of that legislative body, and re-elected Secretary of the Missionary Society by acclamation. In his present position he has been necessitated, in supervising and furthering the missionary department of the work, to take long, frequent, and laborious if not perilous journeys; he has travelled through most of the Dominion, and beyond it—from Bermuda to Manitoba, and from the cities of the frontier to the missions in the wilds of the interior, and is now about to extend his missionary journeyings to the Rocky Mountains.

He has been a very pronounced and active friend of the Temperance reformation during all his public life; and since his attainment of prominent positions in the body, along with some other matured and still vigorous men, he has done a great deal to throw the weight of our vast Connexion into the Temperance scale. For a time he was at the head, as president, of the most comprehensive Temperance organization of the land.

In May, 1879, he received, along with two others, whose recognition reflected honour on the institution itself, the degree of Doctor in Divinity from his own Alma Mater, Victoria University. It may be well here to say, that Alexander Sutherland has pursued the true course of rising—he has been pure, faithful, modest, unsolicitous of honours and office, but has had dignity enough

not to refuse one or the other when offered. His friends and brethren feel that he is an unspoilable man—free, amiable, accessible, and unostentatious through all his distinctions, but firm where firmness is required.

Our subject has been too busy to be literary to any large extent. A ready and vigorous writer indeed he has been, from the old days of his paragraphing in Guelph to the present time, contributing to various periodicals from time to time, and being sole editor of two or three, such as *Earnest Christianity, Pure Gold,* etc. Indeed, his versatility and readiness adapt him to an editor's position. His published books are only pamphlets, but then each monogram has been on a subject the treatment of which requires mind. Their titles and the order of their publication is as follows:—"Politics and Christianity," a sermon, published by request; "Sunday School Conventions;" "A Plea for Total Abstinence;" "Erring through Wine," a sermon, published by request; "The Moral Status of Children, and their Relation to Christ and His Church," published at the request of three several Annual Conferences; "Some Distinctive Features of Wesleyan Theology," published in the *Canadian Pulpit.* The Doctor furnished to the *Methodist Quarterly Review* some time ago a very able article on "Egypt and the Pentateuch," and he has now in hand "The Divine Method of Reconciliation; or, the Scripture Doctrine of the Atonement"—a subject of fundamental importance.

This eminent and rising man's physical characteristics have been and are in his favour: above medium size—able and personable—fair and florid—strong nerves, which empower him with self-possession anywhere, in the pulpit or on the platform, before any audience—clear, strong, musical voice, for speaking or singing, and ready utterance, aye, and ready wit—readiness at repartee in a remarkable degree. Not yet forty-seven years of age, with his strong constitution, active life, and cheerful mind, we may easily anticipate his careering away for another thirty years in his upward, useful course of Christian activity.

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A SOLEMN murmur in the soul
Tells of a world to be;
As travellers hear the billows roll,
Before they reach the sea.

METROPOLITAN METHODIST CHURCH.

# FOOTPRINTS OF WESLEY.*

II.

St. Mary's Church, Oxford.

St. Mary's Church, Oxford, is invested with some of the most memorable associations of the Reformation. From its pulpit Wycliffe denounced the Romish superstitions of his day, and maintained the right of the laity to read the Word of God, the true palladium of their civil and religious liberty. Two centuries later, when Romish influence was in the ascendant at the University, the martyr bishops, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, were cited here for trial before a commission, appointed by Cardinal Pole, 1555; and hither the following year the venerable Archbishop Cranmer was brought from prison for the purpose of publicly recanting

* For the admirable cuts which illustrate this article, we are indebted to the courtesy of the publishers of Daniels' "Illustrated History of

his Protestant opinions. "Soon," says Foxe, "he that late was primate of all England, attired in a bare and ragged gown, with an old square cap, stood on a low stage near the pulpit." After a pathetic prayer, stretching forth his right hand, instead of the expected recantation, he said: "Forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, my hand, therefore, shall be first punished, for it shall be first burnt. As for the Pope, I utterly refuse his false doctrines; and as for the Sacrament, I believe as I have taught in my book, which shall stand at the last day before the judgment seat of God, when the papistical doctrine contrary thereto shall be ashamed to show her face." Having thus "flung down the burden of his shame," he was dragged from the stage, with many insults, to the place where he glorified God in the flames, after having first been compelled to witness the martyrdom of Latimer and Ridley.

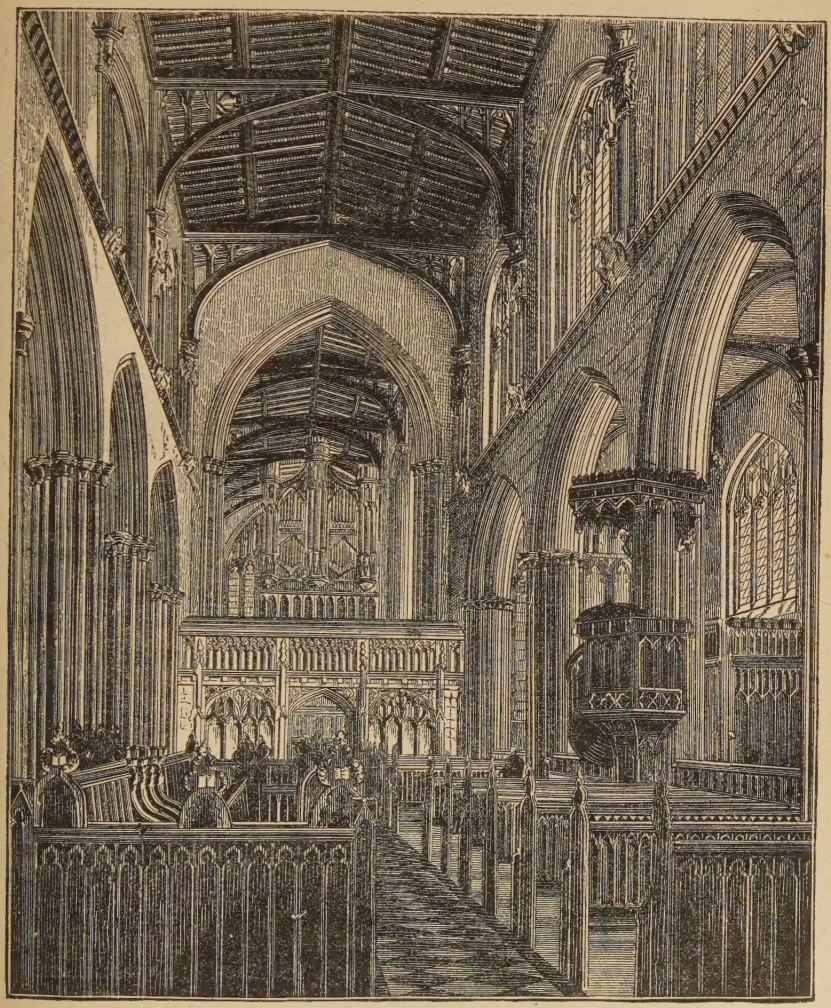
Additional pathetic interest is given to this beautiful interior, shown on the opposite page, by the fact that in the choir, in a brick vault, lie the remains of the lovely and ill-fated Amy Robsart, the heroine of Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth." Her body was brought from Cumnor Hall, only four miles distant, to Oxford, and lay in state in Gloucester College.

In this venerable church the University sermons are preached, and the celebrated Bampton lectures are delivered.

Leaving Oxford, we follow Wesley's footprints to other memorable scenes of labour. One of the most notable of these was the village of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, where his early years had been spent, and where a thousand hallowed associations crowded around the scenes of his childhood, and where his revered father for long years had diligently laboured. A clergyman of entirely different character now occupied the rectory and controlled the pulpit. "He was," writes Dr. Daniels, "a miserable man of dissolute habits, who hated the Methodists with all his might, and on the appearance of their leader in his parish, he poured out his wrath against them in two discourses,

Methodism," from which much of the material for this article is derived. The cuts will give an idea of the sumptuous illustration of this handsome volume, which contains over 250 engravings, maps, and charts. Of the photographic fidelity of those of Oxford, we can bear personal testimony. For further particulars concerning this Illustrated History of Methodism, see advertisement on another page.

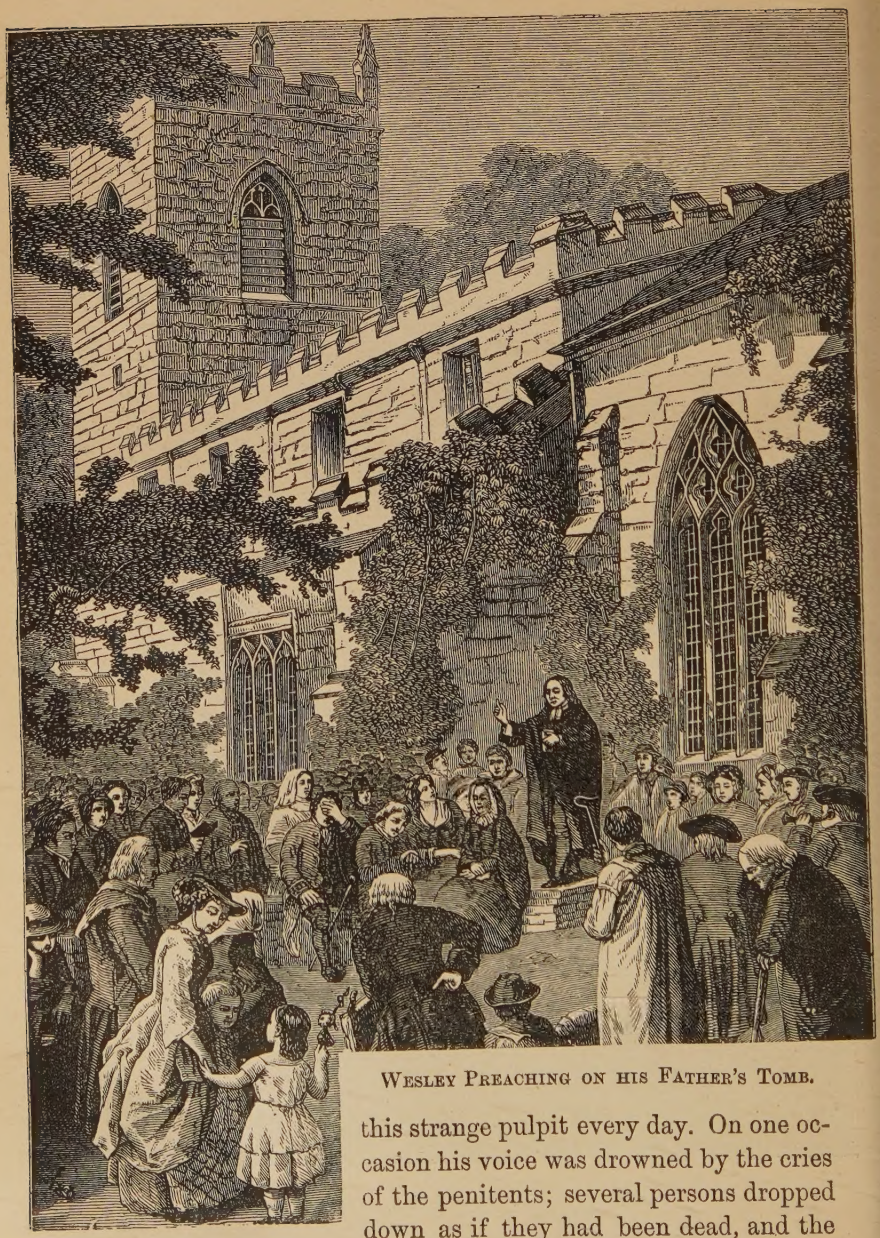
which Wesley describes as two of the bitterest and vilest sermons he ever heard. Wesley was desirous of preaching to his old neighbours, and, being shut out of the church, he resolved to preach in the church-yard, and taking his stand upon the



Interior of St. Mary's Church, Oxford.

broad low slab which covered the grave of his father, he preached with wonderful power to the crowds that gathered about him.

"During the week of his visit to Epworth, he preached from



Wesley Preaching on his Father's Tomb.

this strange pulpit every day. On one occasion his voice was drowned by the cries of the penitents; several persons dropped down as if they had been dead, and the quiet old church-yard was turned into an "inquiry room," in which many sinners found peace with God, and which then resounded with songs of joy, thanksgiving, and praise."

Wesley has left no record of his emotions as he stood thus on the tomb of him who had given him life, and amid such and surrounded by such touching associations, but they must have been deep and strong. As a result of these labours, a Methodist society was organized, and among the converts of those sermons was a man who had avowed himself an infidel for thirty years.

This affecting scene, which is represented on page 8, has often been reproduced in art, and it forms the subject of the beautiful bas relief on the memorial tablet of the Wesleys in Westminster Abbey. "One hundred and thirty years ago," writes Tyerman, "Wesley was shut out of every church in England; now, marble medallion profiles of himself and his brother, accompanied with suitable inscriptions, are deemed deserving of a niche in England's grandest cathedral. The man who, a century since, was the best-abused man in the British Isles, is now hardly ever mentioned but with affectionate respect."

In this connection Dr. Daniels eloquently remarks: "It is but just that some memorial of that royal man should be set up among the tombs of England's princes, bishops, heroes, and statesmen. Other men have been kings by the accident of birth of royal blood: John Wesley reigned by virtue of the Divine anointing. Other bishops have worn the mitre and carried the keys through the devious workings of State Church preferment: John Wesley was a bishop by the grace of God. Other heroes have earned their honours by ravaging sea and land to kill, burn, and destroy: Wesley, with equal courage and equal skill, achieved his fame, not by killing, but by saving men.

"Statesmanship, too, was honoured in this memorial in Westminster. Macaulay, in his estimate of John Wesley, says: 'His genius for government was not inferior to that of Richelieu;' and Southey, in a letter to Wilberforce, writes: 'I consider Wesley as the most influential mind of the last century—the man who will have produced the greatest effects centuries, or perhaps millenniums, hence, if the present race of men should continue so long.'

"And if poets are honoured in this splendid mausoleum, who more deserves a place therein than Charles Wesley? His songs have helped more souls to happiness, and holiness, and heaven, than those of any other bard since the days of the Psalmist of Israel. Like those sacred chants which echo through the ages,

the hymns of Wesley, with each succeeding generation, are borne on a higher, grander, sweeter tide of harmony; giving still the best expression to the prayers or joys of human souls in

A Double-Decked Meeting-House.

every time of trial or triumph, from the sorrow of the broken-hearted penitent at the 'mourner's bench,' to the notes of victory

with which the dying saint catches his first glimpse of the glory that awaits the people of the Lord."*

When the Wesleys were excluded from the churches of the Establishment, of which they were ordained clergymen, they took to the fields and highways, to Hampstead Heath and Kennington Common, and the market places of the towns. Like the early disciples, they went everywhere preaching the word. As the infant societies were organized, it became necessary to have regular places for holding class-meetings and prayer-meetings, and for preaching. Often a large barn, a brew-house, a malt-kiln, a private residence, was employed for these sacred services, and out of these small beginnings have grown some of the most flourishing societies in the kingdom. Dr. Daniels thus describes some of these early preaching places :

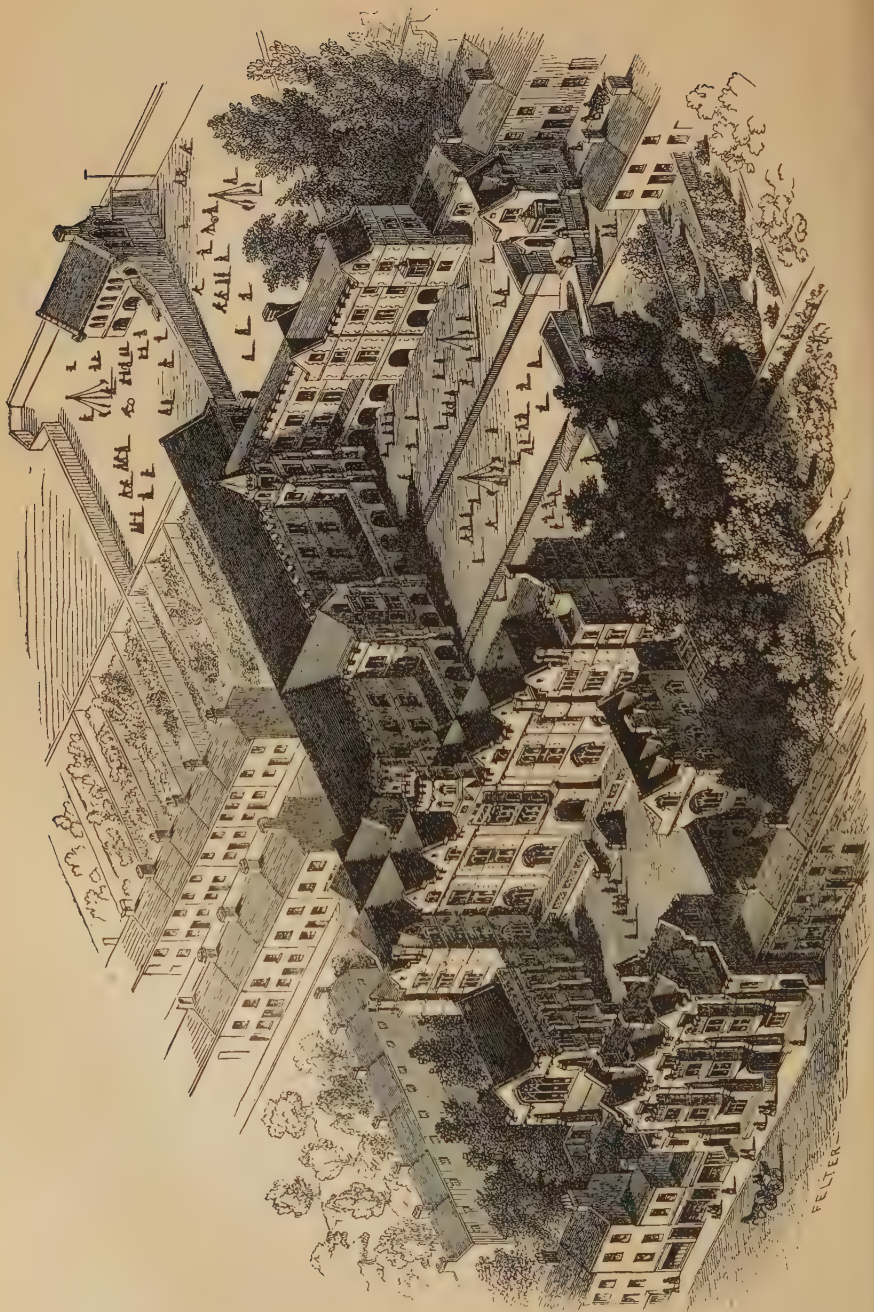
"The Nottingham Society for many years held its meetings in the residence of one of its members, which was ingeniously fitted up to serve this double purpose. The largest room on the first floor being too small for the congregation, the bed-room overhead was made to connect with it by means of a large trap-door in the ceiling, and the preacher, mounted on a chair which was perched on a table, could command his hearers above as well as below. (See engraving on page 10.)

"But this was elegant compared with some of the regular churches in Wales, one of which Mr. Wesley mentions as not having a glass window belonging to it, but only boards, with holes bored here and there, through which the dim light glimmered; while some of the Irish sanctuaries were even more simple, being wholly built of mud and straw, with the exception of a few rough beams required to support the thatch."†

From such small beginnings has grown the mighty system of Methodism, both in the Old World and the New. It was to the writer a cause of profound gratification to witness the commanding position of Methodism in Great Britain and Ireland, as indicated by the handsome character of its churches in such centres of influence as London, Liverpool, Oxford, Cambridge, York, Belfast, Dublin, and elsewhere. One of the chief glories of Methodism, in both hemispheres, has been its deep concern

* Daniels' Illustrated History of Methodism, pp. 349, 350.

† Daniels' History of Methodism, p. 233.



Westminster Normal Training School, Westminster.

for popular and higher education. This was manifested during Wesley's lifetime by the establishment of Woodhouse Grove School and Trevacca College, and since then by the successive establishment of Theological Colleges at Richmond, Headingly, Didsbury, and Belfast, and the Normal Training College at Westminster. Of the latter imposing group of buildings we give an engraving. The College is under the charge of the Rev. Dr. Rigg, one of the most vigorous minds of modern Methodism, who was President of the Conference in 1878, and whose commanding talents were recognized by his election to the London Public School Board. The institution of which he is principal is one of the training colleges for teachers in the Wesleyan day-schools, which, no less than the Sunday-schools, are under the Conference control. In 1878 there were 856 of these day-schools, containing 159,000 scholars.

In the United States and Canada a similar interest in the cause of education is exhibited, as the existence of nearly fifty Methodist Colleges, some of them munificently endowed, abundantly demonstrates. In the magnificence and beauty of its churches, American Methodism even surpasses that of Great Britain. The stately St. Paul's Church, New York; Grace Church, Boston; Broad Street Church, Philadelphia; Mount Vernon Church, Baltimore; Metropolitan Church, Washington, and many others, are demonstrations of the consecrated wealth and liberal taste of the Methodist people.

In our own Canada we have not been behind the very foremost in providing commodious and elegant churches for the worship of God, and as a monument of Christian beneficence. The Metropolitan Church, Toronto, may be considered largely as a memorial of the residence in Canada of the Rev. Dr. Punshon, to whose faith in the future of Methodism in this country, and zeal for its prosperity, it greatly owes its existence. It is, both externally and internally, one of the most elegant and commodious Methodist churches in the world; and it is unequalled, by any of which we are aware, in the spacious and beautiful grounds by which it is surrounded. The handsome cut that fronts this article represents the porches of the original design, which are omitted in the present building.

Kioto, Japan.

# JAPAN.

BY THE REV. GEORGE COCHRAN.

## I.

## NATURAL FEATURES AND RESOURCES.

When Columbus set sail from Spain in 1492, it was not America he sought, but Japan.* Two hundred years before, Marco Polo, a noble Venetian traveller, spent some time at the court of the famous Mongol, Koublai Khan, in the city of Peking, and there heard of certain islands lying to the eastward, washed by stormy seas, abounding in gold and pearls and all manner of precious things. To these islands the Chinese gave the name Zipangu. Impelled by the inspiration of Polo's book, Columbus sailed westward across the Atlantic, and discovered, not Japan, but an American Archipelago, where he enquired eagerly about Zipangu.

This was the first effort of Europeans to reach the Land of the Rising Sun; and though it failed in the hands of Columbus, it succeeded in another way. The Portuguese were the first to bring a European prow into Asiatic waters. Vasco da Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope in 1497, and discovered the maritime route to India, landing on the Malabar coast. Coming back, he told of populous nations in a land of "broad rivers and streams," with a rich soil that "poured on the natives wealth without control." This fired the hearts of missionaries, who longed to convert the heathen, aroused the cupidity of traders who thirsted for gold, and kindled the desire of monarchs to found empires in Asia.†

One of the first to follow in the track of Vasco da Gama was Mendez Pinto, a Portuguese adventurer, who acted the role of merchant, pirate, and filibuster by turns, as occasion offered. In 1545 he was driven by stress of weather on the Island of Tanegashima—Seed Island—off the coast Kinshiu; the natives received him with marked kindness, and regarded him as an object of great curiosity, being the first European they had seen. One of his companions, shortly after their arrival, went out shooting,

* Encylopædia Britannica, 9th edition. American.

† Griffis' Mikado's Empire, chapter xxv.

and the astonishment created by the report of his gun is spoken of as something quite beyond description. Pinto afterwards several times visited Japan, and, on returning to his native land, told so many wonderful stories about "Jealous China, strange Japan," that by a pun on his Christian name he was called "Mendacious Pinto." Congreve styled him "the very prince of liars"—though his narrative, as we now know, was substantially correct.*

After the merchant came the missionary. A native of Satsuma, in Kiushiu, named Anjero, who had committed homicide, fled to Pinto's boat, and was carried off to Malacca. There he became acquainted with François Xavier, learned the Portuguese language, was converted to Christianity, and baptized as "Paul of the Holy Faith." Xavier, resolving to carry the Gospel to Japan, accompanied by Paul, sailed from Malacca on the 24th of June, 1549, and in the beginning of autumn landed at Kagoshima, Paul's native place. The Japanese gave to the great apostle a generous welcome; an open door was set before him, and converts to the faith, from high and low, were multiplied—but as the years went by, those who came to vend their wares and propagate their religion, were suspected of designs upon the liberties of the people and the integrity of the nation. Jesuitism, true to its character, everywhere was found to be conspiracy rather than religion. The Japanese, true to the instinct of self-preservation, rose with a purpose strong as the volcanic fires that throb beneath their mountains, swift as the typhoons that sweep their seas, drove the intruders forth, locked their ports, and for a period of two hundred and sixty years Japan was hermetically sealed.

Once again, commerce—in the hands of the Protestant Anglo-Saxon—breaking link by link the fetters of mediæval isolation, has knit the fortunes of *Dai Nippon* to the nations of the west, and the attention of the whole world has been turned with uncommon interest and sympathy upon *New Japan*—the Empire of the Rising Sun—the Great Britain of the East. On the 7th of July, 1853, Commodore Matthew G. Perry, of the United States Navy, steamed with a small fleet into the Bay of Yedo, and in spite of remonstrance, amidst the consternation of the

* Griffis' Mikado's Empire.

Government and the people, he surveyed the Bay, told the object of his visit, and departed. Going off for a short cruise in other waters, he returned the next year, and extorted from the Shogun a treaty of commerce and residence. Other western powers, one after another in quick succession, entered the open door, and Japan was soon in treaty with every land that cared to bid her welcome to the comity of nations.

Japan is situated in the north-west corner of the Pacific Ocean, and lies within the temperate zone. It bends in the form of a crescent off the continent of Asia, from which it is separated by a mediterranean called the Japan Sea. The Empire of Dai Nihon—*Great Japan*—comprises four large islands, Nipon, Yezzo, Shikoku, and Kiushiu, together with nearly four thousand smaller ones. The length of this chain of islands is about 1,225 miles, not including the Liu Kiu group; and the mean breadth is from 70 to 140 miles, with a superficial area nearly a fifth larger than that of Great Britain and Ireland.

Two-thirds of Japan is covered with mountains. Yezzo, in the north, is intersected by a double chain, which throws that island up into a sort of mountain mass. A chain of mountains runs like a backbone down the main island, and extends in broken sections into the islands of Shikoku and Kiushiu. These form a water-shed, which drains the country into the Pacific Ocean on the one side, and into the Japan Sea on the other. Here and there these mountains throw out spurs and cross sections towards the coast, and in the form of rocky promontories dip their feet into the sea. Fuji San—*Rich Scholar Peak*—sweeping up from its fertile plain to an elevation of 13,000 feet above the sea, is the highest summit in the empire. The natives have a tradition that Fuji Mountain and Biwa Lake, distant from each other about 125 miles, appeared in the same night. Fuji is undoubtedly of volcanic origin, and has often spouted floods of flame. The whole plain on which it stands is covered with cinders to a considerable depth, and showers of ashes were scattered during the last eruption, in 1707, as far as the city of Yedo, more than sixty miles distant. This famous mountain, counted sacred by the Japanese, and the resort of innumerable pilgrims, is entirely isolated. Guarded on three sides by sentinel hills that seem to watch at a respectful distance, it towers above them all—a huge truncated cone, shattered at the top, curving

in graceful lines southward, toward the open sea, from which it may be viewed by the passing mariner at a distance of eighty or a hundred miles. There are several active volcanoes in Japan, which are objects of superstitious dread to the natives, and of scientific interest to the enlightened. It is a curious fact that in the Japanese language there is no word for volcano, just as there are no names given to the bays that indent their coast, nor to the straits which separate them from other countries, or divide their own; even the main island had no name in the books of Old Japan—but all this is changing fast, as western science is introduced.

Japan is a land of "mountain and flood;" but owing to the narrowness of the main island, and the small size of the other three, none of the rivers are of great length. The longest and widest is probably the Tone Gawa, which has a course of 170 miles. The Shinanogawa and Kisogawa, both of which take their rise in the interior of the main island, come next. Most of them are little more than mountain torrents, utterly useless for navigation. By heavy rains they are suddenly swollen into raging floods, often miles in width, sweeping over tracts of land which they render perpetually desolate—wildernesses of stones and gravel, where otherwise would be fruitful fields. The area of land kept permanently waste on this account is enormous. At great labour and expense, valuable districts are reclaimed by building strong embankments to confine the desolating flood. In many places may be seen a simple and cheap, yet efficient contrivance, called by Sir Rutherford Alcock "stone ropes"—cylinders from ten to twenty feet in length, and from a foot to eighteen inches in diameter, made of split bamboo, woven in wide meshes, just sufficient to prevent the escape of a good-sized pebble; these are filled with paving stones, and built up at the angles where the flood is strongest, and for years resist the force of the stream like a granite wall.

Many broad and well-irrigated plains sweep down from the foothills to the shore, and numerous wide and fertile valleys lie between intervening ridges—while embosomed high in the interior elevations are large and well-watered tracts of table-land, all devoted to a culture perfect of its kind, which can only be seen in old or Eastern lands.

There are numerous lakes in Japan, some of which, as those

of Hakone, Suwa, and Chiuzenji, lie far above the level of the sea. Only one, Lake Biwa, in Ormi, is worthy of notice on account of its size. It measures fifty miles in length, or four miles more than the Lake of Geneva, while its greatest breadth is about twenty miles, or more than twice that of the Lake of Geneva. It is called Biwa from its resemblance in shape to a musical instrument of that name, common amongst the Japanese.*

The geology of Japan has not yet been fully explored, but enough is determined to show that the rocks of the country are chiefly volcanic; even those of undoubted sedimentary origin are made up of volcanic materials. Volcanic force is everywhere manifest in the folded and contorted strata often tilted at high angles; and volcanic action is still manifest in the smoking mountains, the numerous and widely distributed hot springs, and the shocks of earthquake that are of almost daily occurrence. From remote antiquity, Japan has been subject to severe periodical earthquake shocks. The natives have some curious superstitions concerning the causes of these subterranean disturbances. One of these is based on the Chinese philosophy of the *Yo* and the *In*. They say that in the spring and summer *In*, the negative principle, rises from the earth, and in the autumn and winter *Yo*, the positive principle, rises up. If one of these principles, while rising, is resisted in the atmosphere by the other, and their free circulation interrupted, an earthquake is the result. Another theory is that the Jishin Uwo—*the earthquake fish*—lives underneath the empire, and whenever this fish moves there is an earthquake. So a god called *Kashima Miyojin* is placed in charge of this fish, and by the help of the rock *Kaname* keeps him as quiet as possible. A verse of poetry, well known amongst the people as the earthquake verse, runs thus:

Yuruga tomo, yomoya mukeji no
Kaname ishi;
Kashima no Kami aran kagiri wa.

No monster can move the Kaname rock,
Though he tug at it never so hard,
For over it stands, resisting the shock,
The Kashima Kami on guard.

* See a valuable article on the geography of Japan, by E. M. Satow, in the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan, 1873.

In 1596 a great earthquake took place in Kiyoto, the old capital, shaking down the Imperial Palace, and causing much destruction of life and property. The great General Taiko Hideyoshi, perhaps the foremost name in the military history of Japan, started from his residence to inquire as to the fate of the royal household. Passing the temple of Dai Butsu—Great Buddha—he saw the big image in ruins; instantly his face flushed with anger, and he said, scornfully, "I placed you here at immense expense with no other purpose than that you might watch over and protect the people; but you cannot even help yourself"—and with that he shot an arrow at the broken idol. In 1855 an earthquake occurred in Yedo, which destroyed, according to the reports of those who witnessed the shock, over fifteen thousand houses and nearly a hundred thousand lives. There are native accounts of one hundred and forty-nine destructive shocks since the 5th century, and of these, sixteen have occurred within the last seventy-five years, so there is reason to believe that the period of destructive earthquakes in Japan is by no means a thing of the past.*

The mineral resources of Japan are very large, for though the precious metals are not so abundant as was at one time supposed, this is amply compensated in the treasures of coal and iron brought to light by recent surveys—treasures which are said to be equal to every demand of the future. Copper, also, is abundant, and so are lead, tin, antimony, and petroleum.†

The climate of Japan is temperate, but so modified by the Asiatic continent and by ocean currents, that it presents some strange contrasts. It is much warmer on the western than on the eastern side. This is partly due to the influence of the Pacific Ocean, and especially to the Kuro Shiwo—*the black current*—which rises near the tropics, flows up past the islands of Formosa and Liu Kiu, washes the shores of the Japan group, and curving round by the Kurillies, spends itself on the coast of America.

* Hatori; Destructive Earthquakes in Japan. Transactions, Asiatic Society of Japan, 1878.

† Useful Minerals and Metallurgy of the Japanese. By Dr. Gaertz Transactions, Asiatic Society of Japan, 1874, '75, '76, '77.

The Mineral Wealth of Japan. By H. S. Munroe. A paper read before the American Institute of Mining Engineers, Philadelphia, June, 1876.

What the Japanese call the Niubai—*ripening of the plum*—the most important period for the cultivation of rice, from the middle of June to the middle of July, is the wet season; rain is plentiful, and often falls in torrents. The excessive heat creates a humidity that penetrates everywhere, to the serious injury of all articles that can be damaged by mould. It is a curious spectacle to see the books, wearing apparel, and bedding of a whole community turned out on a bright day in the hot sun to dry. The hottest time in Japan, from the middle of July to the middle of August, is also the dryest. People in feeble health find it difficult to keep up, and even the strong can do no great amount of work. All who can afford it are glad to flee to the mountains, where there are delightful retreats, and perfect immunity from the oppressive heat, and from that greatest of small miseries, the mosquito plague. At the close of the hot season, the country is subject to cyclones, called by the Japanese *Okaze*, or typhoon—*great wind*. These are the terror of the navigator, and, next to inundations, the greatest terrestrial plague in Japan. Like other circular storms, these typhoons revolve around a centre, which advances with more or less rapidity in a storm-path, describing a parabolic curve. At the storm-axis the motion is almost at zero, and increases in proportion to the distance outward. The storm does not blow constantly, but now and then in violent gusts, accompanied by heavy showers of rain. There is little thunder or hail in Japan.

All the mountain ranges of Japan are wrapped deep in snow throughout the winter, and from many mountains it never entirely disappears. West of Tokio rises the majestic peak of Fujisan, like a huge fan turned upside down, which gleams red like a peach, in the early morning, and pure white, like a gigantic sugar loaf, when the sun climbs higher on a winter's day. At Niigata, on the Japan Sea, about 150 miles north-west of Tokio, thirty-two days of snow-fall are reckoned on the average. In January and February the snow covers the ground three or four feet deep, and the rivers are frozen so that they can be crossed with horse and cart on the ice. In Tokio the snow-fall is, for the most part, very light, not often exceeding two or three inches, and ice seldom exceeds an inch or an inch and a half in thickness. Neither the summer heat nor the winter cold attain the same intensity in Japan as in China at the same latitudes.

Spring and autumn are extremely pleasant seasons; the oppressive summer heat does not last long, and in winter, though the contrast between the nightly frost and the mid-day heat is disagreeable, and the raw northerly winds cause frequent chills, yet the bright sky makes it more endurable than in many other regions where the winter cold is equal. As a fact, the climate of Japan agrees very well with people from Europe and America. Certain localities are now looked upon as climatic watering places, where the inhabitants of Hong Kong and Shanghai come for refuge from the summer heat, and for the re-invigoration of their health. The mellow atmosphere of the long autumn, together with the gorgeous sunsets, are quite equal to anything in our finest "Indian summer."*

The climate has a very decided effect upon the flora of Japan. We find here not merely the ordinary charm which sea and well-watered mountain ranges impart to the landscape, but also a luxuriance of forest and field vegetation, and a wealth of various botanical forms, such as no other extra-tropical region in the world can boast. Four-fifths of the trees are evergreen. The camelia is a giant fifty feet high, and blooms in the open air all the winter through—in January and February there is sometimes the curious sight of blossoms peeping out from beneath green leaves laden with crystals of snow. The azalea covering the hills, and the wisteria trained into bowers of beauty, are the glory of spring and early summer; the plum and cherry blossoms spread a charm over many a hill, and park, and river bank, whither the people resort in picnic parties—the gayest and happiest we have ever seen. These trees, especially the cherry, are mainly cultivated for the sake of their bloom. In September the forests begin to put on colour. Their autumn dress surpasses in beauty and variety of tints the much-lauded colours of our own American woods. At the end of October the deciduous trees are bare, and there are only a few plants left which have not entered on their winter's rest. These consist of evergreens which do not need a high temperature for the development of their flowers, which have already formed their buds during the warmer season, and whose inflorescence is hastened by the powerful sunshine of the bright winter days. In the spring the

* The Climate of Japan, by Dr. J. J. Rein, in Papers of the Asiatic Society of Japan, 1878.

deciduous trees are too closely mixed with the evergreens for their coming into leaf to be very conspicuous. Just about this time the evergreen trees and shrubs, inclusive of the tall, graceful bamboo, undergo a kind of moulting. Their old leaves lose their glossiness, fall off, and give place to younger ones, which at first are bright green, as in the case of the camphor tree, or whitish and reddish, as in the case of the different varieties of evergreen oak; then all gradually change to a deep glossy dark green. When the fields are sown with summer grains, and the flute-like song of the *uguiso*, the Japanese nightingale, is heard from out the young foliage of the bushes, summer is already present. Vegetation develops rapidly under the powerful insolation, accompanied by frequent showers of rain, and in the long season two harvests in one year may be reaped from the same fields.

The timber of Japan is magnificent in appearance and growth, and of great variety, beauty, and adaptability to the uses of man. There is, as compared with our own country, a deficiency of fruit-trees and edible vegetables; but cereals grow well—the rice-fields have yielded richly for ages, the fertility being easily maintained by irrigation and the ordinary application of manure. The rivers abound in fish, and the harvest of the surrounding sea is simply inexhaustible.

The fauna of Japan is very meagre. It is quite probable that the larger domestic animals have been imported. Of wild beasts, the bear, wolf, deer, boar, badger, fox, monkey, and smaller ground animals are probably indigenous. Nothing strikes the traveller with more surprise than the poverty of the fauna; here are the thousand hills, but where are the cattle? The birds are mostly those of prey. Eagles and hawks are abundant. The crows, whom none molested until recently, are innumerable. Birds of song are few, though not so few as some have supposed. The nightingale is there, and we have heard the music of the lark at heaven's gate, near the town of Numadzu. The stork and heron tread the fields in stately beauty, or sail with perfect grace in mid-air. The wild ducks and geese summer in the north and winter in the south, in flocks that are rarely disturbed or diminished by the depredations of the sportsman. Of sea-birds there are legions on the uninhabited coasts, and from the rocks the fishermen gather harvests of eggs.

The ethnic affinities of the Japanese are difficult to make out. Kaempfer looked upon them as Assyrians, and traced their route from the Tower of Babel with as much precision as if he had himself been an eye-witness of their journey. Other writers have in turn identified them with the Chinese, the North American Indians, the ancient Peruvians, and the Lost Tribes of Israel. Taking into account the proximity of Japan to the mainland, and its situation in the ocean currents, some have looked to the continent of Asia, others to the Malay Archipelago, for the probable origin of the Japanese people. It is well known that a race called Ainos occupied the islands of Japan before the Japanese came into possession; and though there may, perhaps, be an Aino element in the present Japanese population, the two races are quite distinct, and wherever they have come into contact are like oil and water—they do not mix. The Ainos are now confined to the island of Yezzo, in the north, and number all told not over 50,000 souls. They have always held about the same relation to the Japanese as do the Indians to the white people in our own country.

A Malay-looking type is observable in the southern provinces of Japan, but it remains to be proved whether this represents an immigration of Malays, floated in upon the currents of the Kuroshiwo, at some remote period; and even should it be proved, it cannot have been a preponderating element in the ethnic life of the Japanese.

The physical type of the Japanese race is undoubtedly Mongol. Gutzlaff, writing in 1833, says the Japanese are "stamped with the true features of the Tartars." The Prussian expedition to Japan of 1860 found that "the Japanese most resemble the Mongolian race in the form of the skull." The evidence of language is to the same effect. From Yezzo to Liu Kiu the Japanese speak a uniform language, with little more variety of dialect than may be found among the English-speaking population of the British islands, and this language is now fully admitted to belong to what is known as the Turanian family, of which the principal branches are Turkish, Mongol, Muchu, and Korean. Of the last-named tongue scarcely anything was known until lately; but recent researches go far to prove that of all the languages of the Turanian family, Korean is the one which has the closest affinity with that of Japan.

The Japanese are not only of Mongolian origin, but probably more nearly akin to the Koreans than to any other existing race; but it requires an acquaintance with the manners, customs, language, and history of Malasia, Korea, and Japan, for which we may have long to wait, before we can arrive at a satisfactory solution of this question.*

The present population of Japan is estimated at a little over thirty-four millions, and is on the increase, as the census taken at different periods have shown.

Japan is at present divided for administrative purposes into three *Fu*, or capital cities, and into sixty *Ken*, or prefectures, to which must be added the Liu Kiu islands, which form a *Han*, or dependent principality.

The reigning sovereign, Tenno Mutsu Hito, is the one hundred and twenty-first of his line, a "claim of long descent" to which no other monarch can make any pretence. He was born at Kiyoto, November 3, 1852, and succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, Komei Tenno, February 13, 1867. In 1868 the Tokugawa Shogun surrendered the controlling power of the government, and the Emperor took the administration into his own hands. Old customs which had lasted seven hundred years were cast aside in a day; the name of Yedo was changed to Tokio—*Eastern Capital*—and became henceforth the place of his Majesty's residence; the feudal system was abolished; the Chinese almanac was abandoned and the Gregorian calendar adopted; western arts and sciences were introduced, and New Japan entered upon a grand career of universal progress and reform.

The picture of Kioto, given in our frontispiece, is taken from the grounds of the *Kiomidzu*, or Temple of the Pure Heart, a Buddhist temple of great size, situated upon the hills at the eastern limit of the city, and looking westward. The end of the temple building is the most prominent feature of the picture. In the near foreground we see the top of a pagoda of the Chinese style, with its lofty spire of bronze. Filling the plain, and stretching far away towards the western hills, lies the city. The large roofs to be seen in the city are those of temples. It had a

*Griffis, Chap. II., and a Review of Dr. Maget on the Origin of the Japanese Race, in the Japan *Mail*, Feb. 24, 1877.

larger number of these, and of idols, in proportion to its size, than any other city in the empire, and it was a city "wholly given to idolatry." But a better day has dawned upon this ancient, and, so long miscalled, "sacred city." For five years the Gospel of Christ has been proclaimed there, and thousands of the citizens are no longer the devoted and benighted heathens they were; and some of them have become sincere followers of Christ.

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## REST.

Fecisti nos ad Te, et inquietum est
Cor nostrum, donec requiescat in Te.

—*St. Augustine.*

WHEN I, a merry little child,
Slept on my mother's breast,
I asked no sweeter resting-place,
But that was not my rest.

When I, a maiden, full of hope,
Sought laurel for my crest,
Its fair green leaves unwreathed my brow,
But laurel was not rest.

A woman, in her summer strength,
With face toward the west,
I found my hands with gifts o'erflow,
But not amongst them rest.

I weary grew—fast fell my tears,
For sad and fruitless quest,
From every voice the answer came,
I cannot give thee rest.

At last—since I have looked through tears,
The truth of truths I see:
"My God—the heart which Thou hast made,
Can rest *alone* in Thee."

# CANADIAN METHODISM; ITS EPOCHS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

BY THE REV. DR. RYERSON.

Written at the request of the London, Toronto, and Montreal Annual Conferences.

## ESSAY VII.—CLERGY RESERVE CONTROVERSY, CONTINUED; VOICE OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF UPPER CANADA IN FAVOUR OF EQUAL CIVIL RIGHTS AND LIBERTY AMONG ALL CLASSES, AND IN VINDICATION OF THE EARLY METHODIST MINISTRY.

In my last Essay I gave some account of the preliminary discussions which awakened public attention to the infringement of the civil rights and liberties of the great majority of the people, and the further threatened invasion of them; the Petitions which were adopted and presented to the House of Assembly on the subject; the appointment by the House of a Select Committee to investigate the complaints contained in the Petitions; the examination of fifty-two witnesses by that Committee, and the purport of their evidence.

I now proceed to give the conclusion and sequel of the investigation. The Committee presented a Report to the House detailing their proceedings, and the conclusions at which they had arrived; they also submitted a draft of an Address or Petition to the King on the subject. Both of these documents were adopted by a large majority of the House of Assembly; they presented (especially the Report) a brief but graphic view of the early religious condition of the country, the labours of the different religious persuasions, and a most complete vindication of the character, privations, labours and successes of the Methodist ministry —stronger and more eulogistic than I have written in preceding Essays. And be it remembered, that this testimony to the character and labours of the early Methodist ministers is not merely the testimony of an individual writer, but that of the elected Representatives of the People of Upper Canada in 1828, during the first thirty years of those labours. Perhaps the reader will be interested in reading the account of the proceedings of the House of Assembly in the words of the official record. They are as follows:

"Proceedings of the House of Assembly on the Report of the Select Committee to which was referred the Petition of Bulkley Waters and others, and other Petitions from Christians of various denominations, on the same subject; and also the Petitions of E. W. Armstrong and others, relating to the University of King's College, lately established at York by Royal Charter."

"*March 17th, 1828.*—Mr. Bidwell, from the Committee to which was referred the Petitions of Bulkley Waters and others, and the various petitions from the different parts of the Province on the same subject, informed the House that the Committee had agreed to a Report, and an Address to His Majesty founded on the same, which he was ready to submit whenever the House would be pleased to receive the same.

"The Report was ordered to be received and read.

"The Address to His Majesty, as reported, was then read the first time.

"Mr. Bidwell, seconded by Mr. Perry, moves that the House do resolve itself into a Committee of the Whole, to-morrow, on the Report of the Select Committee on the Petition of Bulkley Waters and others, and on the Address to His Majesty, reported by that Committee; and that it be the first thing on the order of the day for to-morrow, after any third readings; which was ordered.

"*Tuesday, 18th March, 1828.*—Agreeably to the order of the day, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the Report of the Select Committee to which was referred the petition of Bulkley Waters, and other petitions of the same nature.

"Mr. Hamilton was called to the Chair.

"The House resumed.

"Mr. Hamilton reported the Report of the Select Committee, and the Address to His Majesty founded thereon, both as adopted by the Committee.

"On the question of receiving the Report, the House divided, and the yeas and nays were taken:

"YEAS.—Messrs. Beardsley, Beasley, Bidwell, Cameron, Coleman, Fothergill, Hamilton, Hornor, Lefferty, McBride, McCall, McDonald of Prescott and Russell, McDonell of Glengarry, Matthews, Morris, Perry, Peterson, Randal, Rolph, White, Wilkinson, and Wilson—22.

"NAYS.—Messrs. Attorney General, Burnham, Clark, McLean, Scollick, Thompson of York, Vankoughnett, and Walsh—8.

"The question was carried by a majority of fourteen; the Report was received and adopted, and the Address read a second time, adopted, and ordered to be engrossed and read a third time on Thursday next.

"*Thursday, March 20th, 1828.*—Agreeably to the order of the day, the Address to His Majesty on the subject of a religious establishment and university was read the third time.

"Mr. Morris, seconded by Mr. McDonell, of Glengarry, moves that the Address do not pass, but that it be recommitted; which was lost.

"Mr. Morris, seconded by Mr. McDonell, of Glengarry, moves that the

words 'and internal improvement,' in the fifth page of the Address, in the fifth line from the top, be expunged : on which the House divided, and the yeas and nays were taken :

"YEAS.—Messrs. Beasley, Bidwell, Cameron, Lefferty, McCall, McDonell of Glengarry, McLean, Morris, Perry, Rolph, Thomson of Frontenac, and Vankoughnett—12.

"NAYS.—Messrs. Baby, Beardsley, Burnham, Coleman, Fothergill, Hamilton, Hornor, J. Jones, McBride, McDonald of Prescott and Russell, Matthews, Peterson, Randal, Scollick, Thompson of York, White, Wilkinson, and Wilson—18.

"The question was decided in the negative by a majority of six, and lost accordingly.

"On the question for passing the Address, the House divided, and the yeas and nays were taken :

"YEAS.—Messrs. Baby, Beardsley, Beasley, Bidwell, Coleman, Fothergill, Hamilton, Hornor, Lefferty, McBride, McCall, McDonald of Prescott and Russell, Matthews, Perry, Peterson, Randal, Rolph, Thomson of Frontenac, White, Wilkinson, and Wilson—21.

"NAYS.—Messrs. Burnham, Cameron, J. Jones, McDonell of Glengarry, McLean, Morris, Scollick, Thompson of York, and Vankoughnett—9.

"The question was carried in the affirmative by a majority of twelve, and the Address was passed, and signed by the Speaker."

Nothing could have been more deliberate, formal, and dignified than the proceedings of the Select Committee and House of Assembly in the presentation and adoption of the Report and Address to the King. The elaborate and masterly Report of the Select Committee, adopted by the House by a majority of more than two to one—a majority of 22 to 8—was as follows :

"*To the Honourable the House of Assembly :*

"The Select Committee to whom were referred the petition of Bulkley Waters and others, and various other petitions of the same tenor, signed by nearly 6,000 persons, and also the petition of E. W. Armstrong and others, submit the following report :

"The first object of the Committee was to obtain a correct copy of the letter and chart referred to in the petitions. Before proceeding to the examination of the statements contained in the letter and chart, the Committee directed the Chairman to transmit to the honourable and venerable Doctor Strachan a copy of the petition referred to them, and to inform him that the Committee would be happy to receive from him any information upon the matter submitted to their consideration.

"The Committee have examined all the members of the House of Assembly whose testimony they could obtain ; some members of the Honourable the Legislative Council, of long residence, high standing, and large possessions in the Province ; various clergymen of different denominations in York and its vicinity, and a few other individuals.

"From the evidence it will be perceived that the letter and chart were calculated to produce in many respects erroneous impressions respecting the religious state of this Province and the sentiments of its inhabitants. As it seems from Dr. Strachan's evidence that they were drawn up suddenly from memory and without the means of reference to sources of authentic information, it is much to be regretted that these circumstances had not been at least hinted in the letter itself, and the more so when it is considered that as he stated to the Committee he had never known the number of members of the Church of England in this Province. The assertions in the letter, that 'the people are coming forward in all directions offering to assist in building churches, and soliciting with the greatest anxiety the establishment of a settled minister,' and that 'the tendency of the population is towards the Church of England, and nothing but the want of moderate support prevents her from spreading over the whole Province,' are completely contradicted by the evidence.

"Upon this subject the Committee would remark that the Church of England has always had, in this Province, peculiar advantages. It has been the religion of those high in office, and been supported by their influence and countenanced more than any other Church by the favour of the Executive Government. Its clergymen have had the exclusive right of marrying persons of all denominations indiscriminately; although, by a Provincial statute, the Justices of the Peace, in general quarter sessions, are empowered, if they shall deem it expedient, to authorize Lutheran and Calvinist clergymen and ministers of the Church of Scotland to marry any two persons of whom one has been for six months previously to such marriage a member of the congregation of the clergyman who performs the ceremony. This right the clergymen of the Church of England still exclusively enjoy, notwithstanding that the House of Assembly has for several sessions successively, by a large majority, passed a Bill (which has not been concurred in by the honourable the Legislative Council) to extend this right to the clergymen of Christian denominations in this Province generally: the clergymen of the Church of England have also been liberally supported, and their churches partly or wholly built from the funds of a society in England. The solitary disadvantage mentioned by Dr. Strachan in his evidence before the Committee, of being obliged, for want of a bishop resident in the Colonies, to resort to England for episcopal ordination, has never existed since the Province has had its present form of government; for during all that time a bishop has resided at Quebec. Still, the number of members of that Church has not increased in the same proportion as that of several other denominations. These facts confirm the opinion so generally expressed by the witnesses, that the tendency of the population is not towards that Church. The contrary opinion entertained by a few of the witnesses may have arisen very naturally from a considerable increase recently in the number of missionaries of that Church, which, however, ought probably to be ascribed to the liberality with which salaries for their support are furnished by the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, rather than to any strong wish of the people to have clergymen of that Church settled among them.

"In reference to the aid furnished by this Society (from whose funds an annual salary is paid to every clergyman of the Church of England in this Province, in priests' orders, £200 sterling, and in deacons' orders, £100 sterling), and as an argument for further assistance, it is said in the letter, 'How ineffectual this aid is to supply the increasing necessities of the Colony has been sufficiently shown; for the tendency of the population is towards the Church of England, and nothing but the want of moderate support prevents her from spreading over the whole Province.'

"According to the concurring testimony of the witnesses, the members of the Church of England in this Province, in proportion to their number, have at least equal means of supporting their clergymen with other denominations. The latter have a large number of clergymen in the Province. Without any aid, therefore, from Great Britain, the members of the Church of England are able without difficulty to support aa many clergymen of their Church as the number of their members requires. If, however, they are not willing to furnish for this purpose the same means which other sects furnish for a similar purpose, there can be but little tendency, even among those who are nominally its members, to the Church of England. If they are willing, there can be very little necessity for the aid now received from Great Britain, and much less for any further assistance, unless to carry on a system of proselyting to that Church the members of other denominations.

"The insinuations against the Methodist clergymen the Committee have noticed with peculiar regret. To the disinterested and indefatigable exertions of these pious men this Province owes much. At an early period of its history, when it was thinly settled and its inhabitants were scattered through the wilderness and destitute of all other means of religious instruction, these ministers of the Gospel, animated by Christian zeal and benevolence, at the sacrifice of health and interest and comfort, carried among the people the blessings and consolations and sanctions of our holy religion. Their influence and instruction, far from having (as is represented in the letter) a tendency hostile to our institutions, have been conducive, in a degree which cannot easily be estimated, to the reformation of their hearers from licentiousness, and the diffusion of correct morals, the foundation of all sound loyalty and social order. There is no reason to believe that, as a body, they have failed to inculcate, by precept and example, as a Christian duty, an attachment to the Sovereign and a cheerful and conscientious obedience to the laws of the country. More than 35 years have elapsed since they commenced their labours in the Colonies. In that time the Province has passed through a war which put to the proof the loyalty of the people. If their influence and instructions have the tendency mentioned, the effects by this time must be manifest; yet no one doubts that the Methodists are as loyal as any of His Majesty's subjects. And the very fact that while their clergymen are dependent for their support upon the voluntary contributions of their people, the number of their members has increased so as to be now, in the opinion of almost all the witnesses, greater than that of the members of any other denomination in this Province, is a complete refutation of any suspicion that their influence and instructions have such a tendency; for it would be a

gross slander on the loyalty of the people to suppose that they would countenance and listen with complacency to those whose influence was exerted for such base purposes.

"There can be no doubt that, in addition to the Methodists, there are, in the Province, several denominations of Christians who are more numerous than the members of the Church of England. Besides these, there are probably many other persons who are not attached to any particular Church or form of worship. Compared with the whole population, the members of the Church of England must, therefore, constitute an extremely small proportion. It would be unjust and impolitic to exalt this Church, by exclusive and peculiar rights, above all others of His Majesty's subjects who are equally loyal, conscientious, and deserving. A country in which there is an Established Church, from which a vast majority of the subjects are dissenters, must be in a lamentable state. The Committee hope that this Province will never present such a spectacle. It is well known that there is in the minds of the people generally a strong and settled aversion to anything like an Established Church; and although, from the conviction so happily and justly entertained, that His Majesty's Government will never adopt a measure so deeply affecting the interests and feelings of the inhabitants of this Province without the most indulgent consideration of their wishes on the subject, there is less anxiety than would otherwise exist, yet the apprehension that it was the intention of His Majesty's Government to incorporate the Church of England or any other Church with the Government as an appendage of the State, and to invest it with peculiar rights or privileges, civil or pecuniary, from which other sects were excluded, would excite alarm through the country, and the actual execution of such a measure would produce the most general and lasting discontent. There is, besides, no necessity for such an establishment. It cannot be necessary for the security of the Government; the loyalty of the people is deep and enthusiastic, and it may be doubted how far it would be improved or increased by any State establishment of clergymen. Religious instruction, it is true, will promote and strengthen loyalty and all other virtues; but no more when communicated by clergymen of the Church of England than by those of other sects, and probably less if they are or appear to be political teachers and servants of the State rather than ministers of the Gospel. It cannot be necessary for the ends of religion; other denominations, of course, will not be benefited by it, and the Church itself will derive probably but little if any real advantage. The piety and religious prosperity of a Church can gain but little from men who are induced by secular motives to asume the sacred functions of the clerical office. Men may, and in fact do, entertain the most conscientious objections either against the particular doctrines or form of worship of any given Church, or in general against the civil establishment of and Church whatever, and its union with the State: if the Church is incorporated with the State, they are compelled by the obligations of conscience to oppose one of the civil institutions of the country, a part of the Government itself. It is in fact their duty to do so; but by doing so they become objects of jealousy and suspicion, and in addition to their unjust exclusion from privileges to which they are as much entitled as those who are more fortunate

though not more conscientious, and perhaps not more correct in their opinions upon this subject, their very conscientiousness comes by degrees to be regarded and treated as a crime. Laws are made to guard against any attempts to injure the establishment. To curtail and counteract their influence they are excluded from the offices and honours of the State and subjected to civil disabilities, and thus, in effect, freedom of conscience is legislated against; and religion, the rules and sanctions of which are of an infinitely higher nature, is made to rest upon the precepts and penalties of human laws; at the same time, the harmony and charity which would otherwise prevail between the members of different sects are disturbed, and sectarian pride and intolerance and animosity take their place.

"Upon this subject His Majesty's Government ought to be fairly and distinctly apprised of the sentiments and wishes of the people; and as the House of Assembly is the constitutional organ to convey to the Throne their sentiments and wishes, the Committee respectfully submit to the House the expediency of addressing His Majesty upon the subject.

"In the course of their enquiries the Committee obtained information, which to their surprise and regret gave them reason to believe that to create in the minds of the Indians recently converted under the Divine blessing to the Christian religion, an influence unfavourable to their present religious teachers, through whose exertions this change has taken place, the name of His Majesty's Government had been used; and even that intimation had been made of an intention to compel them to come under the Church of England. The great and surprising change which has occurred within a short period of time in the character and condition of large bodies of the Mississagua Indians is well known; from a state of vice and ignorance, wretchedness and degradation, almost brutal, they have been brought to habits of industry, order, and temperance, a thirst for instruction and knowledge, a profession of the Christian religion, and apparently a cordial and humble belief of its truths and enjoyment of its blessings. In this change the Methodists have been chiefly instrumental. They have manifested the most benevolent zeal in accomplishing it; they have sent missionaries and established schools among them which are supported by voluntary contributions, and they are still labouring among them with the same disinterested spirit and the same surprising encouragement and success.

"The recent statute of the Imperial Parliament authorizing the sale of a part of the Clergy Reserves, the Committee have not seen, and therefore do not know whether it directs the application of the proceeds to any particular purpose. They have been informed that according to this statute a part of these reserves are to be sold, and the proceeds, after deducting the expenses of the sale, are to be paid into the funds of the Imperial Government, and a certain sum to be appropriated to the improvement of the remainder. Assuming that by a proper application it could be obtained for the benefit of this Province, it is an interesting question what use shall be made of it. The people generally desire to see it appropriated in a judicious manner to public improvements, and to the support of education upon such principles as will not countenance any distinction on account of religious profession or belief.

The House of Assembly, by the Bill authorizing the sale of these lands, and the appropriation of the proceeds to the purposes of education, passed during the last session, have expressed their opinion against the policy and practicability of devoting it to the purposes originally intended. With the aid of the monies arising from this source, the Province can undertake many works for internal improvement, by which its prosperity would be greatly promoted, and some of which seem almost indispensable, but which, for the want of means, cannot, without such aid, be attempted. The anxiety of His Majesty's Government to advance our interests, assures us of their assent to all our reasonable wishes on the subject. The Committee are therefore of opinion that an application should be made to have this fund placed at the disposal of the Provincial Legislature, in order that it may be applied to the purposes which have been mentioned. As to the remainder of the Clergy Reserves, the Committee, without an examination of the British statute last alluded to, are unable to say whether the right of directing their sale remains with the Provincial Legislature, or is by that statute confined to the British Parliament. In either case they think that measures should be taken to have them sold, if possible, and the proceeds applied to the same purposes as those which they have recommended for the avails of that part of which the sale is already authorized.

"Upon an examination of the copy of the Charter of the University of King's College, transmitted to the House by His Excellency and referred to them, the Committee find that the following are some of its provisions :

"The Bishop of the Diocese is to be visitor, and as such may disapprove of the by-laws made for the college by the Council, which thereby become void, unless His Majesty in Privy Council afterwards reverses this order ; the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, or person administering the Government is to be Chancellor ; the President is to be a clergyman in holy orders of the Church of England ; the hon. and venerable Dr. Strachan, Archdeacon of York, is to be the first President ; the corporation is to consist of the Chancellor, President, and Scholars of King's College, and is authorized to take and hold real estate not exceeding the yearly value of £15,000 sterling. The College Council is to consist of the Chancellor, President, and seven other persons, who are to be members of the Church of England, and to sign the 39 Articles of that Church. The Council, under certain restrictions, are to make by-laws for the college ; one of these restrictions is that no religious test or qualification shall be required of or appointed for any persons admitted or matriculated as scholars in the college, except that those admitted to the degree of Doctor in Divinity shall make the same declarations and subscriptions and take the same oaths as are required of persons admitted to any degree of Divinity in the University of Oxford. From the message of His Excellency it appears that His Majesty has been pleased to grant as an endowment for the University 225,944 acres of the Crown lands, and to appropriate from the revenues of the Crown the sum of £1,000 sterling per annum for 16 years, for the erection of the buildings ; and also that several of the religious societies in England have contributed to the institution by dona-

tions of money for the purchase of books and by the foundation of scholarships for missionaries to the Indian tribes.

"From the foregoing abstract of some of the provisions of the Charter, the sectarian character and tendency of the institution will be manifest. Doctor Strachan, by whose representations and exertions, in a great measure, the Charter in its present shape seems to have been procured, in a pamphlet published in London, entitled 'An Appeal to the Friends of Religion and Literature, in behalf of the University of Upper Canada,' distinctly states that it will be essentially a missionary college, 'for the education of missionaries of the Church of England;' and as an argument to obtain from the members of that Church contributions towards the funds of the college, maintains that the effect of establishing this university will be ultimately to make the greater portion of the population of the Province members of the Church of England. That such must be the natural tendency of putting into the hands of that Church the only seminary of learning in the country where a liberal education can be obtained, is obvious; but the alarm and jealousy which this very circumstance will produce through the Province, and has in some measure already produced, and which will prevent parents and guardians from sending their children to it, will perhaps counteract this tendency, although at the same time it will, in an equal degree, limit the benefits which might otherwise be derived from the institution. A university adapted to the character and circumstances of the people would be the means of inestimable benefits to this Province. But to be of real service, the principles upon which it is established must be in unison with the general sentiments of the people. It should not be a school of politics or of sectarian views. It should have about it no appearance of a spirit of partiality or exclusion. Its portals should be thrown open to all; and upon none who enter should any influence be exerted to attach them to a particular creed or church. It should be a source of intellectual and moral light and animation, from which the glorious irradiations of literature and science may descend upon all with equal lustre and power. Such an institution would be a blessing to the country, its pride and glory. Most deeply, therefore, is it to be lamented that the principles of the Charter are calculated to defeat its usefulness, and to confine to a favoured few all its advantages. That His Majesty's Government could even have contemplated such a limitation of its beneficence, that they could have ever intended to found it upon such terms as must either preclude from its benefits the greater part of those for whom it was intended, or subject them, at an age ill qualified to guard against such attacks, to the silent but powerful influence of a prevailing spirit and regular system of proselytism, no one will believe. They could not have been aware of the insurmountable objections to which, from the circumstances of the country, and the sentiments of the people, some of the provisions of the Charter were liable. They acted undoubtedly under the impression, and with the intention, of providing, in the most gracious and liberal manner, an institution much needed and desired by the people. There is therefore every reason to believe that any representations from the House of Assembly upon the matter will be most favourably regarded. Under this

impression the Committee strongly recommend this subject to the consideration of the House.

"With this Report, the Committee present to the House the draft of an Address to His Majesty upon the various subjects which have been mentioned, and they respectfully recommend that it be adopted by the House.

"All which is respectfully recommended.

"MARSHALL S. BIDWELL, Chairman.

"Committee Room, 15th March, 1828."

The Address to the King, founded on the Report of the Select Committee, and also adopted by a majority of more than two to one—a majority of 21 to 9—was as follows:

"TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

"*Most Gracious Sovereign:*

"We your Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the Commons of Upper Canada, in Provincial Parliament assembled, humbly beg leave to represent to your Majesty, that we have seen, with equal surprise and regret, a letter and ecclesiastical chart, dated 16th May, 1827, and addressed by the Honourable and Venerable Doctor Strachan, Archdeacon of York, a member of your Majesty's Legislative and Executive Councils of this Province, to the Right Honourable R. J. Wilmot Horton, at that time Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, for the information of Lord Goderich, then at the head of the Colonial Department; as they are inaccurate in some important respects, and are calculated to lead your Majesty's Government into serious errors.

"We beg leave to inform your Majesty, that of your Majesty's subjects in this Province only a small proportion are members of the Church of England; that there is not any peculiar tendency to that Church among the people, and that nothing could cause more alarm and grief in their minds than the apprehension that there was a design, on the part of your Majesty's Government, to establish, as a part of the State, one or more Church or denomination of Christians in this Province, with rights and endowments not granted to your Majesty's subjects in general, of other denominations, who are equally conscientious and deserving, and equally loyal and attached to your Majesty's Royal person and government. In following honestly the dictates of their conscience as regards the great and important subject of religion, the latter have never been conscious that they have violated any law or any obligation of a good subject, or done anything to forfeit your Majesty's favour and protection, or to exclude themselves from a participation in the rights and privileges enjoyed by your Majesty's other subjects.

"We humbly beg leave to assure your Majesty that the insinuations against the Methodist preachers in this Province do much injustice to a body of pious and deserving men, who justly enjoy the confidence, and are the spiritual instructors of a large portion of your Majesty's subjects in this Province. We are convinced that the tendency of their influence and instruction is not hostile to our institutions, but, on the contrary, is eminently favourable to religion and morality; that their labours are calculated to make their people better men and better subjects, and have already produced, in this Province, the happiest effects.

"While we fully and gratefully appreciate your Majesty's gracious intentions in granting a Royal Charter for the establishment of an University in this Province, we would beg most respectfully to represent, that as the great body of your Majesty's subjects in this Province are not members of the Church of England, they have seen, with grief, that the Charter contains provisions which are calculated to render the institution subservient to the particular interests of that Church, and to exclude from its offices and honours all who do not belong to it. In consequence of these provisions, its benefits will be confined to a favoured few, while others of your Majesty's subjects, far more numerous and equally loyal and deserving of your Majesty's paternal care and favour, will be shut out from a participation in them. Having a tendency to build up one particular Church, to the prejudice of others, it will naturally be an object of jealousy and disgust. Its influence as a seminary of learning will, upon these accounts, be limited and partial. We, therefore, humbly beg that your Majesty will be pleased to listen to the wishes of your Majesty's people in this respect, and to cause the present Charter to be cancelled, and one granted free from the objections to which, emboldened by a conviction of your Majesty's paternal and gracious feelings to your loyal subjects in this Province, as well as by a sense of duty to the people, and a knowledge of their anxiety upon the subject, we have presumed to advert.

"We would also beg leave to state that it is the general desire of your Majesty's subjects in this Province that the monies arising from the sale of any of the lands set apart in this Province for the support and maintenance of a Protestant clergy should be entirely appropriated to purposes of education and internal improvement. We would most humbly represent, that to apply them to the benefit of one or two Christian denominations, to the exclusion of others, would be unjust as well as impolitic, and that it might perhaps be found impracticable to divide them among all. We have no reason to fear that the cause of religion would suffer materially from not giving a public support to its ministers, and from leaving them to be supported by the liberality of their people.

"Many works for the internal improvement of the Province, of great importance to its prosperity and to the ease and comfort of your Majesty's subjects, are necessarily neglected for want of money in the Provincial treasury; for although the taxes are only of a trifling amount, yet, from the scarcity of money, and the want of even a tolerable price for the productions of their farms, they are paid with great difficulty by many of your Majesty's people. It is impossible, therefore, to raise by taxation the means necessary to undertake and carry on those works. It is also most desirable that a larger sum than is at present at our disposal should be employed to extend through the country the advantages of education.

"We therefore humbly pray that the monies arising from the sale of the lands set apart in this Province for the support and maintenance of a Protestant clergy may be placed at the disposal of the Legislature of this Province, for the purposes we have mentioned.

"JOHN WILLSON, Speaker.

"Commons' House of Assembly, 20th March, 1828."

These documents are no less remarkable for their statesmanlike views than for their spirit of Christian patriotism. But the twofold controversy on the Charter of King's College and of the Clergy Reserves was rather opened than closed by these proceedings of the Legislative Assembly. The publication of the Charter of King's College and the representations on which it was obtained were largely and warmly discussed. The author of these Essays wrote eight letters (which were widely published in the newspapers, as well as in a pamphlet) on the subject; the Legislative Assembly adopted, during successive Parliaments, resolutions, addresses, and acts against the sectarian provisions and character of King's College Charter; but the proceedings of the Legislative Assembly were long counteracted by the Legislative Council, of which the venerable author of the Charter was a controlling member. It was not until after a contest of more than fifteen years that King's College was converted into a Provincial institution, under the title of Toronto University, when the venerable Archdeacon of York, now become Bishop of Toronto, renounced all connection with the Toronto University, and, with characteristic energy, obtained a Royal Charter and large funds, both in England and Canada, for the establishment of Trinity College, Toronto.

The discussion on the Clergy Reserves was still more protracted, if not more vehement, than that on King's College. The Legislative Assembly proceeded in every possible form, and with great unanimity, to extinguish the sectarian monopoly of the Clergy Reserves; the Methodist Conference annually remonstrated against the Clergy Reserve monopoly, as did the annual assemblies of other religious denominations; the intensity of public feeling on the subject was increased by the last act of Sir John Colborne (afterwards Lord Seaton), who, on leaving the Government of Upper Canada in 1835, created *fifty-seven* rectories of the Church of England, and endowed them with glebe lands out of the Clergy Reserves. But all the efforts against the twofold sectarian monopoly of the Clergy Reserves and King's College proved unavailing, while both the Executive and Legislative Councils were in the hands of the monopolists, irresponsible to public opinion, and had the absolute control of a revenue sufficient for the support of the Government, independent of any vote of the House of Assembly, and against its remonstrances.

# A CANADIAN IN EUROPE.

## COLOGNE—ANTWERP.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

THE crown and glory of Cologne is its wonderful minster. Its mighty mass seems to dominate the city—a brooding presence of sublime majesty. From the windows of my hotel, almost beneath its shadow, I looked up and up with insatiable gaze at its lofty spires, surrounded with a cloud of scaffolding. It more completely satisfies the eye and mind than any other building I ever beheld. Its spires, turrets, flying buttresses, gargoyles, foliaged capitals, and flamboyant tracery seem more like an organic growth than a work of man's device. For six long centuries the mighty structure has been slowly growing, year by year, and this very year it reaches its late completion. The work of the last forty years has cost about $4,000,000. Its vast and vaulted roof rises to a shadowy height of over 200 feet, and its sky-piercing spire springs, like a fountain in stone, over 500 feet in air. But no mere enumeration of dimensions can give any idea of the magnificence and beauty of its exterior, and the awe-inspiring solemnity of its vast interior. Arch beyond arch receded in seemingly infinite perspective, the deep-dyed windows poured their many-coloured light over capital and column, and the deep chant of the choir and roll of the organ throbbed and pulsated like a sea of sound.

There are many other objects of interest in the ancient city—the *Colonia* of Roman times. Notwithstanding its open squares, many of its streets are narrow, gloomy, and redolent of anything but *eau de Cologne.* Its lofty walls, with their massive gate-towers, deep moats, and draw-bridges, give it the appearance of a huge fortress—which it is, with a garrison of 7,000 soldiers, and 135,000 civilians. The Rathhaus, or town hall, a quaint structure, is built on the arches of an old Roman fort. I was shown the Hansa-Saal, or hall in which the Hanseatic League was formed in 1367. The Fest-Saal, or Banquet Hall, is very magnificent. I visited half a score of ancient churches—those of St. Martin's and St. Maria, splendidly restored. St. Gereon's, com-

memorating 318 martyrs of the Theban Legion, slain in 286 by Diocletian, said to be founded by the Empress Helena, is very odd. The nave is ten-sided, and the skulls of the martyrs are preserved in the choir, which is nineteen steps above the nave. The most notable relic-church, however, is that of St. Ursula, a dilapidated old structure, crowded with the skulls and bones of the 11,000 virgin attendants of the English princess Ursula, martyred here by the Huns in the fourth or fifth century—the legends do not agree which. The whole story is told in a series of quaint old paintings on the walls. Rows of shelves are full of skulls wearing satin caps and tinsel coronets, and some of peculiar sanctity rest in be-jewelled velvet cases. Some are still crowned with soft flaxen hair, which, as a special favour, one may touch. Others have their names written on their forehead. The rest of the bones are piled up by the cord, or strung on wires and arranged in grotesque arabesques. In the cathedral, I should have mentioned, you are shown the bones of the Magi, or Three Kings, brought by the Empress Helena to Constantinople, and since then stolen and recaptured, and held at a king's ransom. Can anything be more degrading than this worship of dead men's bones and all uncleanness, with its puerile imbecilities and its palpable frauds and lies ?

A picturesque ride of forty miles brings one to the very ancient town of Aix-la-Chapelle. It was the favourite residence of Charlemagne; here he died in 814, and here, for 700 years, the German emperors were crowned. I stopped here chiefly to visit the tomb of the Great Charles, the grandest figure in the half-mythical history of the Middle Ages. It is situated in the odd old cathedral, begun by the Emperor in 796. In the gallery of the octagonal nave is the marble chair on which the mighty monarch sat enthroned in all the majesty of death for 350 years. The tomb was opened by Barbarossa in 1165 ; the remains were transferred to an antique sarcophagus, and subsequently to a jewelled reliquary ; and the throne was used in the coronation of the emperors till 1531. On a plain slab is the simple epitaph of the grandest monarch for a thousand years—Carolo Magno. Nor needs he more. His true memorial is written in the institutions and history of mediæval Christendom. As I entered the church, the deep tones of the organ were pealing in solemn cadence through the lofty vaults, and the chanting of priests

and choir boys blended with the unearthly sweetness of the strain. And so, I thought, during the long ages of rapine and wrong that have swept over the land, the hymns and prayers which have voiced the aspirations, and hopes, and sorrows of successive generations, have gone up to God; and age after age the storm of battle has desolated, in wars almost without number, one of the fairest regions of the earth—

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

The tumult of each sacked and burning village,
The shout that every prayer of mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revel in the midst of pillage,
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns.

Again the choir burst forth in the sublime prophecy of Bethlehem, "Gloria in excelcis Deo, in terra pax, homnibus bona voluntas;" and the angels' song brought the assurance of the final reign of Love.

Down the dark future through long generations,
War's echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say "Peace!"

But not yet that blessed day has come, as I was reminded by the beautiful monument to the memory of the natives of Aix who fell in the campaigns of 1866 and 1870-71—a dying warrior, to whom an angel presents a palm of victory. In another church I saw a large-sized model of the Grotto of Lourdes, lit up with tapers, at which a number of men and women were devoutly praying. If the very Church of God become the abode of superstition, what shall the poor ignorant people do? If the light that is among them be darkened, how great is that darkness!

I took a drink of the famous warm sulphur springs from which the place takes its name, which were known in the times of the Romans, but I found the water excessively nauseous.

The ride of ninety miles to Brussels is one of great beauty. The Netherlands, though for the most part deficient in picturesque scenery, possess historic memories unsurpassed in heroic and romantic interest by those of any country in Europe. The Pro-

testant struggle against the depotism of Spain is one of the grandest episodes in the history of mankind. The provinces of Brabant, Flanders, Hainault, and Holland, recall many a storied page of Motley, Prescott, and Robertson. The industries, art, and literature of the Walloons, Flemings, and Dutch, both pique and gratify the curiosity of the tourist. Here as nowhere else, he sees the *chef d'œuvres* of Rubens, Vandyck, Rembrandt, and other Flemish masters.

The route to Brussels winds down the lovely valley of the Maas and Meuse, and through the wild forest of Ardennes, with bold cliffs, ruined castles, bosky glades, rich pastures, thriving villages, and a country cultivated like a garden. Liege, Namur, and Louvain are populous and busy towns, rich in Flemish art and architecture.

Brussels, with a population of nearly 400,000, is another Paris, with its broad boulevards, its palaces, parks, and squares, and its cafés and gay out-of-door life. In constructing new streets, the city offered prizes, from $4,000 down, for the best twenty designs. The result is some of the finest architecture in Europe, characterized largely by the use of the human figure in caryatides and the like. The new Palais de Justice is to cost $1,000,000. Of the new, however, one can see enough in New York and Chicago. My own taste is for the old, and this was amply gratified. The ancient church of Ste. Gudule is of vast size and venerable majesty—one of the richest I have seen. In an artificial grotto was a figure of the Virgin, dressed like a fairy queen. The singing of the vespers at twilight was exquisitely sweet. The celebrated Hotel de Ville is one of the noblest town halls in Europe. Its flamboyant façade and exquisite open spire, soaring like a fountain 370 feet in air, once seen can never be forgotten. At the summit the Archangel Michael forever waves his glittering sword as if to guard the city at his feet. The fretted stone work looks like petrified lace. An intelligent young girl showed me the old historic rooms, including that in which the Emperor Charles V. is said to have abdicated his crown, in 1556. The scene is represented with much vigour on a piece of old tapestry. From the windows I could see the spot where those noble patriots, Counts Egmont and Hoorne, died as martyrs to liberty. The old guild houses of the butchers, brewers, carpen-

ters, and skippers are very odd. The gable of the latter represents the stern of a large ship, with four protruding cannon.

In the art gallery I saw an admirable statue of Satan, which embodied the conception of Milton's "ruined archangel" in a most marvellous manner. A statue of Eve with a serpent creeping to her ear, was exceedingly pathetic, with its manifest foredoom of the Fall. The portrait of Alva shows, in the thin lips and cruel eyes, the cold, stern, remorseless persecutor. But the strangest collection in Europe, probably, is that of the mad painter Wiertz, which fills an entire museum, many of the pictures being of gigantic size, and exhibiting Titanic strength of imagination. He was an ardent hater of war and of the great war-maker, Napoleon. One painting represents with painful realism its horrors, and another, Napoleon in hell, confronted by the victims of his unhallowed ambition. "The Last Cannon" and the "Triumph of Christ" exhibit the final victory of Love over Hate, Cross over Corselet, Peace over War. There is a wild weirdness about many of his pictures that makes one shudder. He is fond, also, of practical jokes. Here a fierce mastiff is bounding out of his kennel. There a figure stands in a half-open door, as if about to enter. You look through an eye-hole and see a mad woman slaying her child, and through another and behold a prematurely buried man bursting his coffin. It is a chamber of horrors. Yet the execution is marvellous, and the *motif* of the picture is generally patriotic and humane.

From Brussels to Antwerp I had the honour of riding in the train with a papal eccclesiastic of very high rank, if one could judge by the magnificence of his purple soutane, and the deference paid him by the officials of the railway. At Vilvoide, which we passed, 360 years ago the English Reformer, Tyndale, for translating the Bible, was burned at the stake by the predecessor of this same ecclesiastic. His last words were, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes." The very next year—was it not an answer to his prayer?—the Bible was published in England by royal command, and a copy placed in every church.

Antwerp, a busy town on the "lazy Scheldt," was, under Charles V., the most prosperous city in Europe. But Spanish tyranny and the terrors of the Inquisition reduced the population to, at one time, 40,000. It is strongly fortified, and has stood many a siege. The glory of the town is its magnificent

cathedral. Its lofty open spire Napoleon compared to Mechlin lace, and Charles V. used to say it should be preserved in a glass case. Its interior is unique in this, that it has three aisles on each side of the nave. The perspective of the arches, supported on 125 columns, is very fine. The glory of the church is Rubens' masterpiece—his wonderful "Descent from the Cross." Instead of my own impressions, I give those of a much better art critic, Mrs. Stowe:

"My first sensation was of astonishment—blank, absolute, overwhelming. Christ is dead! Dead to your eye as He was to the eye of Mary and John. Death—absolute, hopeless—is written on the faded majesty of that face, peaceful and weary; death in every relaxed muscle. The figures of the disciples are real and individual in expression. The sorrow is homely, earnest, and grievously heart-broken. The cheek of the kneeling Mary is wet with tears. You can only see and sympathize with her sorrow. But the Apostle John, who receives into his arms the descending form, is the most wonderful of all. At this moment he feels that all is over. There is no Christ, no kingdom—nothing!" I cannot help thinking, however, that the genial critic has infused into the picture something of her own fine intuition. I confess to a lack of appreciation of Rubens. I can see little beauty in his figures, and they have often a vulgar coarseness that is offensive to good taste. Of course, the masterful life and rich colouring of his pictures indicate the consummate artist. But there is none of the poetic feeling of Raphael, nor of the seraphic purity of Fra Angelico. Crowded around the venerable cathedral, like mendicants around the feet of a priest, are a lot of squalid old houses, that greatly mar its beauty. Beside the principal portal is an ancient well, covered by an intricate canopy of wrought iron, made in 1529 by Quentin Matsys, whom, as an inscription records, love of an artist's daughter transformed into a painter—"*Connubialis amor Mulcibre fecit Apellem.*"

The Hotel de Ville, with a splendid façade 300 feet long, rising to the height of 180 feet, contains some fine historic halls, one with an immense chimney-piece, with famous Bible reliefs. In a neighbouring church-yard is an artificial calvary, forty feet high, crowded with statues of saints and angels. Beneath is a grotto in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre, and an iron-grated

purgatory, in which carved figures in painted flames beseech alms for their release. It has all the horror of Dante, without any of the poetry.

The picture gallery is wonderfully rich in *chef d'œuvres* of Flemish art; but none impressed me more than a dead Christ, by Matsys, whose deep pathos brings tears to the eyes. I confess I liked better than the old masters much of the work in the Septennial Exhibition of modern Belgian painters. Their mastery of technique is perfect, and their interpretation of nature very sympathetic. In the public squares are fine monuments of Rubens, Teniers, and Vandyk, and the streets bear the names of famous painters.

My most delightful memory of Antwerp is that of its sweet chimes. There are in all, in the cathedral tower, ninety-nine bells—the largest, at whose baptism Charles V. stood grandfather, weighing eight tons. Every quarter of an hour they ring out a beautiful *carillon*, and at the full hour they proclaim in more elaborate melody the flight of time. My hotel was in the Cathedral Square, and at night I lay awake listening to the exquisite strain and thinking of Longfellow's musical lines:

> As the evening shades descended,
> Low and loud and sweetly blended,
> Low at times and loud at times,
> And changing like a poet's rhymes,
> Rang the beautiful wild chimes.
> Then with deep sonorous clangour
> Calmly answering their sweet anger,
> When the wrangling bells had ended,
> Slowly struck the clock eleven;
> And from out the silent heaven,
> Silence on the town descended.
> Silence, silence everywhere,
> On the earth and in the air.

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> It is not singing psalms, but being one,
> Is music in God's ear. Not only lips,
> But also lives must swell the hymn of praise,
> Or vain the song. To be true worshippers,
> We must ourselves be temples.

# NATHANIEL PIDGEON, HIS DIARY.

*A STORY OF EARLY METHODISM.*

## I.

JAN. 26, 1744.—The New Year hath begun in a new way with me. Hitherto it hath been my pleasure to think, as each came round, that I was increasing in wisdom and in favour with God and man. I was happy in my wife and children, and in good repute among my neighbours. No man, methought, could lay aught to my charge. My school hath steadily increased in numbers ever since I first settled here, and this I looked upon as a sign that my labours were approved in Heaven. I paid my way, like an honest man, out of the fruits of my own toil. I led a spotless life, and strove hard to teach my children, my scholars, and my servants, to lead the same. Never did I say, because never did I think, "What lack I yet?" With my lips I called myself in church a miserable sinner, but 'twas a mere fashion of words. My heart asked for no mercy, because it felt no need of any.

But now all is changed. Yesterday, John Britton, the exciseman, persuaded me to walk with him to Bath to hear Mr. John Wesley preach. It was not that I had great curiosity to hear him, or respect for his person. I had looked upon him as a turbulent tinker among parsons, going about the country making a disturbance, because he had not gifts and patience to render him respected in a settled cure of souls. It had been whispered to me likewise that he was in foreign pay, a Jesuit in disguise; that in all England, yea, Scotland and Ireland, King George had no worse enemy than he. I had taxed Britton, inasmuch as he took the King's pay, with double disloyalty in following such a man; and I fear I had taken unseemly delight in noting how little effect the faith of which poor John prates hath had upon his behaviour. It was to triumph over John by holding up to scorn the very words of his teacher, so that he might have no excuse in lack of memory, that I went with him to Bath.

Mr. Wesley took for his text the General Epistle of James, second chapter, latter part of fourteenth verse, "Can faith save him?" Sure, thought I, if he had searched the Bible

through, he could scarcely have found a text worse fitted for his purpose. Doth not the Apostle say before, "What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works?" And after, "Faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone."

But, to my wonder, Mr. Wesley waxed warm on behalf of works, and it was odd to see John Britton's astonished face. But my turn soon came. Mr. Wesley next made light of works alone, and was, moreover, so severe in his judgment of what might entitle works to be called good, that, at the last, it seemed to me that I had neither faith nor works to save me. He spoke, too, of a holiness without which, as a wedding garment, no one should see God, but of which I knew nothing; so that the pains of hell gat hold upon me. And there were many moved. A gentlewoman, who had come dressed in her fine hat and feather, trembled so that I could see the plumes shake, and sobbed aloud. As we walked home by the flooded river, it minded me of the swelling flood of which Mr. Watts sings, with no sweet fields beyond for me. Nor yet can I read my title clear. My mind is strangely disturbed; I can but strive to enter in at the strait gate, with no assurance that I shall ever see the other side. Yet, Lord, I do believe; help Thou my unbelief.

Feb. 1.—Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. This morning, after I had wrestled with Him in prayer for three hours, He spake peace to my soul. It had been borne in upon me that if I did not hear the pardoning voice before the clock struck seven, I should be lost to all eternity; and when the clock on the stairs began to warn, and I was still unsaved, the hair of my flesh stood up. But before the church clock had finished striking, I could claim Jesus as my Saviour. O day ever to be remembered!

Wed. 8.—My light still shineth clear, and the cup of my joy would run over, could I but bring those of my own household to fall with me before the Mercy Seat. But the veil is not yet lifted from their hearts. When I speak, they wonder, as though I told them idle tales. 'Tis plain that they look upon me as one half distraught. When at prayers this morning, finding the printed words too strait to utter the fulness of my heart, I burst forth in thanksgiving of my own. It cut me to the quick to see the look which my wife cast upon me. Oh, could she

taste the joys I know! Oh, could they all! Could all mankind!

Fri. 24.—I am now openly called Methodist, because I have not shrunk from assembling with the one or two who meet together in the name of Jesus, and find Him in their midst. We have not yet suffered persecution, but I know not what may come, more especially if our numbers increase. And sure 'tis my duty to strive to bring others to the knowledge of the truth, which hath proved so blessed to myself. The rector hath spoken to me. "Why canst not be content, Pidgeon," said his reverence, "to go on teaching school steadily as thou hast always taught it heretofore? Read thy prayers, and welcome, an' thou wilt; but I will have no praying without book, and preaching of strange doctrines to the boys. Sure my sermons are good enough for thee. Come to church when other decent folk come, and don't bother thy head about being righteous overmuch. See what comes of it. The exciseman hath been drunker than ever, ever since he took to saving his soul. He'll lose his place. I'd not forbid a man to get merry over his ale—thou'dst be all the better for it, Pidgeon—so long as he could carry it; but Britton is past bearing. Then this getting up in the dark, and meeting together after dark—what is it for, Pidgeon? I'm a King George's man, and won't help a traitor. The scholars I got thee, I can take away—mark that!" And away he went, cracking his whip, as his manner is when he is angry.

After he had gone my wife burst into tears, and said, "Mr. Pidgeon, sure you will not take the bread out of our mouths for a mere crazy whim. You are no rebel at heart, I know full well. If you do not care for me, think of your children, Nathaniel." It is Sarah's talk of this kind that makes my burden doubly hard to bear. Oh, could we see eye to eye! As for this idle talk about Mr. John Wesley being in the pay of the Pretender, if they who spread abroad the rumours would but hear him, they would learn that 'tis other kingdoms than that of this world he careth for; that the warfare he hath enlisted in is not between King George and King James, but our Lord Jesus Christ and the devil.

Sat. 25—Mr. Knowles, the steward, who hath been into Staffordshire on his master's business, rode up and had a talk with me after morning school.

"What's this I hear, Pidgeon?" he said. "*You* turned Methodee —that's a Vrenchman and a Papist! D'ye want to kiss the Pope's great toe, and eat vrogz and wear wooden zhoes? D— me, but I thought thou'dst more o' the zperrit of a free-born Englishman. We wunt have no brass warming pans here, I can tell ee—bundle ye all into the horse-pond, if ye don't mend your ways—zarve ye as the volk I come from zarve ye."

And then, with many oaths and much boasting, he told me that the Staffordshire gentry (believing that idle tale about the Pretender!) had sworn that the Methodists should no longer be suffered to insult the Church of England and plot against the king, and had mustered an army of men by the castle at Darlaston, who vowed they would drown every Methodist in Trent. 'Twas strange to hear Mr. Knowles brag of the abominable way in which the mob abused poor women.

All the Monday night they were mustering, and drinking themselves madder even than blind rage had made them (for what knew they of the doctrines of those they went about to kill—yea, had bound themselves by oath so to do?), and on Shrove Tuesday they marched in on Wednesbury. Giving their bulls and cocks a little rest, they came to bait and shy at the Methodists. All their goods the mob spoiled, out of wanton malice destroying what they could not or would not take away. Not a window pane was left in a Methodist's house; the very frames were torn out. Food was thrown into the street, and trodden into mire—good bread and beef and cheese. Furniture was broken up, and piled for fires; of clothing they carried off what pleased them, men in their drunkenness putting on women's attire. Men had to flee for their lives, and women in fear of worse than death. Lord, what is man that thou regardest him? The little children were left to shift for themselves, like young birds flung from a harried nest. I marvelled to hear Mr. Knowles, whom I had looked upon as a man of a kind heart, rejoicing over these things, and threatening us with the like. So hath the Evil One blinded his eyes!

And then, forsooth, the gentry who had set the mob on, sent word to the fugitives that they might have back what was left of their goods, if they would promise neither to hear nor house the Methodist preachers more.

Meanwhile the mob went round about the country wrecking;

not always, from what Mr. Knowles unwittingly let drop, harming Methodists only, but taking all quiet folk who could not help themselves for such. Mr. Knowles vaunts that the Methodists were for the most part too terrified to claim the remnant of their goods. How long shall sinners thus furiously rage? O Lord, give me strength both to do and to bear Thy will.

Thurs., March 1.—Passing the village inn, Mr. Knowles threw up the window, and called me in. I had no wish to enter, judging from the redness of his face and thickness of his voice that he had already drunk too much, though I had but just dismissed my school. Nevertheless, being determined, so long as I could do so with a good conscience, to abstain from giving offence to Mr. Knowles, since his word is all powerful with my lord, I went in. I found the steward sitting in the sun, with the landlord and the curate of ——. All three had been drinking hard, and two of them were very noisy, but for Sam Noakes, save at last to make him drowsy when 'tis time to shut up, his ale hath no power over him. They had been discussing affairs of state, and, passing a tankard towards me, bade me with many oaths drink the health of King George, and death to the Pretender. Now, though the calling of toasts had always seemed to me a foolish custom, invented to give men excuse for tippling, I thought I might without offence wet my lips with the ale, and wish long life to my Sovereign; but the other part of the toast, as being unchristian and profane, I would not drink. Thereupon they all set on me, declaring me a rebel.

"Rare news hath come from London," cried the steward. "King George hath bundled out all the Papishes, with thy Jack Wesley at their head, and we'll not stand a scum of fellows that turns the stomach of the Londoners. John Britton will never gauge another barrel, let me tell thee; and if thou'lt not leave thy Methodee ways, out ye all go, and thou'lt not find another roof in this parish, nay, nor four parishes round, to cover 'ee, I can tell thee.

It is very true what he says, and I can but pray that he may have spoken in jest; for if I lose my house, and cannot get another near, I shall lose my scholars also. And how am I suddenly to find a new livelihood? Our little savings would soon be spent, and then we must live upon our furniture, and what should we do when that was gone? O Lord, direct my steps.

Strengthen my heart that I prove not false to the faith through fear of man.

Fri. 2.—I have appealed from Philip drunk to Philip sober, but twas of no avail. Mr. Knowles tells me plainly that I must take my choice—give up my house, or else give up the Methodists. On my return, I met John Britton starting for Bristol. It is true that he hath been discharged, and he tells us that the steward is resolved to drive out all our little band by Lady Day. "I'll harry their nests," he boasts. 'Tis not law, but if we appealed to my lord, he would stand by his unjust steward; and what can humble folk such as we are do against a great man like my lord? Poor John would fain have had me tarry to drink a pint of ale with him, but of that, alas! he had already had enough. 'Tis strange he hath sacrificed his living for his faith, and yet will not sacrifice to it his lust, thus bringing reproach upon the people of the Lord, and Him who hath called us.

Sun. 4.—The rector took for his text 1 Peter ii. 17—"Fear God. Honour the King," and preached as though the Methodists did neither. He was determined, he said, to do his best to root out from his parish sneaking rebellion and Popery in disguise. 'Twould have been well if he had had a word to say on the first part of the verse, "Honour all men." This open denunciation of us hath soon told on the baser sort in the village. With the rector and the steward both against us, they know that they are not likely to be called to account for their behaviour towards us. Mud was thrown at the windows during our evening meeting; and when we came out, we were hustled by a mob. This is, indeed, but light affliction compared with the persecution which some are called to endure, and yet 'tis hard to be made little of by the lowest, where aforetime I have been looked upon with respect by all. Perchance 'tis not wonderful after what the rector had said of us, though I make bold to answer that we are as true Englishmen as they that are set against us, and stauncher churchmen than the bulk of them. How often do they go to the church they profess their readiness to die for? We must expect things harder than mud soon to be thrown against our windows, and ourselves likewise.

Tues. 6.—I have had another visit from the rector, and he, like the steward, saith I must take my choice. If I will not give up the Methodists, he will take away my boys. He hath

already another schoolmaster in his eye, ready to step into my shoes. The doctor had been talking to my wife before I went in, and she joined her entreaties and reproaches to his stern rebukes to prevail upon me to forsake my purpose. Following their mother, the children, too, looked coldly upon me. It is hard for flesh to bear. "Thy wife hath twenty times thy wit," said the rector as he took his leave. "I'm sorry for her sake and the children's. But I can't part man and wife. Whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder. As you sow, you will reap. The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge. You must support your family as best you can. I shall bid the parents of the boys to send them to the new schoolmaster. The sooner you're gone the better. Anyhow, Knowles tells me he means to turn thee out at the quarter. And mark me, Pidgeon, if I hear of any tampering with the boys whilst thou still teachest the school, I'll commit thee to Taunton gaol as sure as I'm a justice."

Sat. 17.—I have been glad of the half-holiday after a week's work, but now it but brings to my mind how soon my work here will be done. A good half of my scholars have already left me. Their parents have sent in word that they can trust their sons no longer with me, and of these most have sent but a part of the money for the quarter's schooling, whilst some, taking advantage of the rector's displeasure against me, have sent none. And the lads who still come are strangely altered in their behaviour. They know how I am spoken of, and some of the bigger openly deride me. The little lads, moreover, to whom I have been as a father, mock me behind my back. They point the finger of scorn at me, and call me Methodist. My little Jack must needs dare Joe Collins, though much bigger than he, to fight him for so doing. I rebuked the boy, but could not find it in my heart to chastise him. I trust that the pleasure I took in finding one of my own flesh still true to me was not sinful. The others with their mother look upon me as their undoer. It is idle to hope that I can tarry longer here. Mr. Knowles told me yesterday that, whether I chose to continue Methodist or not, I must, for my obstinacy, turn out on the Monday after next, inasmuch as he hath let the house over my head to the rector's new schoolmaster. Next week I must seek some lodging for my family.

Thurs. 22.—My school is broken up. A few of the lads seemed

to take it to heart when they bade me farewell. Their parents have been more just in their payments than were those of the lads who first left. A few said that, if they durst, they would gladly still send me their sons. But, indeed, where should I receive them, unless I kept school under a hedge? and then, doubtless, if it were anywhere on my lord's estate, Mr. Knowles would send the constable to disperse us. Squire Wilton sent for me and offered me a cottage rent free on his estate; but when I found that 'twas from his attachment to the exiled family, and because he thought I was likewise disaffected to his Majesty, I thanked him and said, Nay, affirming that no men were more steadily attached than Methodists to his Majesty's royal person and illustrious house. "Ay, but which Majesty?" quoth he, wondering. "King George," said I. Whereat he cursed me for a fool, and himself for another, and bade me go about my business. However, I have hired a lodging to which we depart on Monday. As yet I have heard of nothing for our maintenance, but I will trust to the Lord to provide. Who am I that I should murmur? "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man had not where to lay His head."

Easter Sunday.—Alas, this hath been a day of drunkenness and riot! Thus do men praise our God for His goodness in raising our Lord from the grave for their redemption. In coming from church in the morning we were insulted, and should have been evil entreated, had not Sam Shaw, the blacksmith, not so drunken as the rest, abashed the mob. "Nay," quoth he, "let the poor women and children be. 'Tis no fault of theirs." So the rabble contented themselves with hooting us to our home, and vowing vengeance on me, whom they called the sneaking Popish spy, when I had not my wife's petticoat to hide behind. "What hath he to do in our church," they cried, "but to spy how he may best bring in the Pope and the Pretender?" And not one of these Church of England men, I will be bound to say, had been inside the church that morning, and many of them not for many a day. "For all thy wife and brats," they shouted as they departed, "we'll drag thee through the horse-pond, Pidgeon, if we catch thee here another Sunday." All this was hard for flesh to bear, especially for my poor wife, who hath taken great pride in the good name which she and all belonging to her have hitherto borne in the parish. We sat at

home all the afternoon, not daring again to go to church. 'Twas grievous to see my own flesh and blood all glooming at me, all save little Jack. "Father," quoth he, doubling his little fist, "I would have fought for thee."

It seemed as if all love for me had died out of my wife's stony face; but when I was starting for our evening meeting, she threw her arms around me and wept, beseeching me not to go forth. It was the first time she had kissed me for many days, and to please her I would fain have tarried at home, had I not called to mind Daniel kneeling in his chamber with windows open three times a day towards Jerusalem, although threatened with the den of lions; so, taking up my cross, I went out. There were very few at our place of meeting, most of our little band, terrified by the threats of the steward, having looked back after putting their hands to the plough. And not for long were we allowed to enjoy the comfort of Christian fellowship. The windows were broken, and we were forced to flee for our lives. The place is quiet now, and all my people are abed. This is the last night that I shall sleep in this house, to which I came full of hope, and in which, till of late, have lived in good repute; to which I brought my poor wife, in which all my dear children have been born. O Lord, increase my faith.

Sat. 31.—We have been now nigh upon a week in our new home, though verily it doth not yet seem such. The chambers are small and strange, and as I know not how soon we may have to leave, 'tis but as though, after long tarrying in a familiar haven, we had cast anchor for a single night upon a troublous voyage. I had not believed Mr. Knowles to have been so hard of heart. Sure, he might have been content with unlawfully turning my poor children out of their home like young birds from their nests, but, peradventure, 'twas because his conscience pricked him that he raged the more furiously. Howbeit, he brought and set the mob upon us when we left on Monday. These pious keepers of Easter, having filled themselves with strong drink (many of them, 'twas plain, had not been abed all night, and could scarce keep their legs), came with their fiddles, their whistles, their bells, pans, cleavers, and confused tumult of voices, and flung addled, stinking eggs and mire at us as we rode forth upon the waggon, the steward egging them on, cracking

his whip, and bidding us with many oaths begone, as if we had not as much right as he upon the king's highway. "Raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame." And not content with this, they flung stones. We were wounded in person, our goods and apparel were much damaged, and my face burned like a hot coal at the beastly talk the ruffians did not scruple to utter in the hearing of my wife and children. I know not how far the devil might have driven them, had not the Lord sent the rector to deliver us out of their hands. Just then one of the crowd had snatched from my little Susan her bird, which she had brought away in its wicker cage, and wrung its neck, swearing in his drunken folly that it should sing no Methodee hymns. At the sight of his sister's tears my little Jack, clenching his fists, would have leaped from the cart upon the fellow, had I not restrained him. The rector likewise had seen it all, and coming up bade the crowd begone for cowards, and rebuked Mr. Knowles for the countenance he gave them in molesting women and children. And when, encouraged by his saucy answer, the mob still lingered, the doctor laid on lustily with his whip, and sent them scampering. Then having spoken a word of comfort to my poor wife, and patted Jack upon the head, he bade me a gruff good-morrow, and saith to the waggoner, "Drive on;" riding at a little distance behind us, until we were safe out of his parish.

I fear I have moved here to but little purpose. The parson tells me that if I attempt to open school in his parish, he will summon me to appear before the Spiritual Court for teaching without licence. It was graciously given unto me in that hour what to say, and boldness to utter it.

"Sir," I answered, "we must all appear before the Judge who sitteth upon the great white throne, and, when the earth and the heaven have fled away, and the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books are opened and the dead are judged out of those things written in the books, what will He say unto them who would fain have starved their fellow-men for no other crime than wishing to spread abroad His most holy name? 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'" For a while the young man was abashed, but he soon gave me "Saucy fellow" again, and when I would have reasoned with him, broke into open rage. "Had I my way,"

quoth he, foaming at the mouth like a mad dog, and almost choking in his rage, "I would make short work with your Methodists—bundle them aboard a man-of-war, make soldiers of them, make slaves of them, make mince-meat of them. Not one of them should be out of gaol, waiting his turn of the gallows. What business have such canting, scheming rascals to live? I'd as lief kill a Methodist as I would a rat, the vermin.'"

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## THE WIFE'S ADIEU.*

I SOAR to the realms of the bright and the blest,
Where the mourners are solaced, the weary at rest;
I rise to my glories, but thou must remain,
In this dark world of sorrow, dejection, and pain.

And hence, tho' my heart throbs exultant to die,
And visions of glory expand to mine eye,
The bosom that struggles and pants to be free
Still beats with regret and affection for thee.

I fear not another, more fond or more fair,
When I am forgotten, thy fortunes may share;
O find but a bosom devoted as mine,
And my heart's latest blessing forever be thine.

I fear lest the stroke that now rends us apart,
From the faith of the Christian should sever thy heart;
Lest, seeking in anguish relief from despair,
The vain world should lure thee to look for it there.

But O, should it tempt thee awhile to resign,
A treasure so precious, a hope so divine—
Should the light of His glory be hidden from thee,
In the hour of thy darkness, *O think upon me.*

Remember the hope that enlivens me now,
Though the dews of the grave are damp on my brow—
The faith that has nerved me with transport to see
The hour of my doom, though it tears me from thee.

* These touching lines were found by the late Rev. Dr. Sargent, of Baltimore, Maryland, in he handwriting and among the papers of his deceased wife, who died June 20, 1857. They were by him given to the Rev. Dr. Rose, and now, for the first time, appear in print.

# GREAT REFORMERS.

## *MARTIN LUTHER.*

## II.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

LUTHER'S entry into Worms was more like a triumphal procession than like the citation of a heretic before an Imperial tribunal. He was preceded by a herald with trumpet and tabard, and accompanied by an escort of a hundred knights and gentlemen on horseback, and two thousand people on foot, who had come without the walls to conduct him into the town. The roofs and windows along the route were crowded with spectators, who gazed with profoundest interest upon this champion of the rights of humanity, of the supremacy above Pope or Kaiser, of the Word of God and the individual conscience. As Luther, clad in his monk's frock, stepped from the open waggon in which he rode, he said, in accents of unfaltering faith, as he touched the ground, "Deus stabit pro me"—"God will be my defence." Till late at night a multitude of counts, barons and citizens thronged to call upon him. His enemies meantime were active, and urged the Emperor, now that he had the arch-heretic in his power, to disregard his safe-conduct and to crush him at once. "Nay," said the youthful and ingenuous Charles V., remembering the shameful treachery of his imperial predecessor at Constance, a hundred years before, "I do not wish to blush like Sigismund."

The next day Luther was summoned before the Diet; and having commended his soul to God in prayer, he went undismayed to meet the august conclave. So great was the throng in the streets that he had to be conducted through gardens and private premises into the great hall of audience. In the ante-chambers and deep recesses of the windows five thousand eager spectators were crowded. The noblest hearts of Germany stood by him. The brave old soldier, George of Freundsberg, grizzled with many years and scarred with many battles, tapped Luther on the shoulder as he passed, and said, "Poor monk! poor monk! thou art going to make a nobler stand than I or any other captain have ever made in the bloodiest of our fights! But if thy cause is just, and thou art sure of it, go forward in God's name and fear nothing. God

will not forsake thee." The gallant knight Hutten also on this very day wrote him: "Dearly beloved Luther, my venerable father! fear not and stand firm. The counsel of the wicked has beset you; but fight valiantly for Christ's cause. May God preserve you!"

The Saxon monk stood now before the Imperial Diet. Never had man stood before a more august assembly. On his throne sat Charles V., sovereign of a great part of the old world and the new; around him sat six royal electors, twenty-four grand dukes, eight margraves, thirty bishops and abbots, and a crowd of princes and counts of the empire, papal nuncios, and foreign ambassadors. There, in his monk's frock, stood the man on whom had fallen the curse and interdict of Rome, summoned to defend himself against the papacy, before all that was most exalted and august in Christendom. "Some of the princes," writes D'Aubigné, "when they saw the emotion of this son of the lowly miner of Mansfeldt in the presence of this assembly of kings, approached him kindly, and one of them said to him, 'Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul.' And another added: 'When ye shall be brought before governors and kings for My sake, the Spirit of your Father shall speak in you.' Thus was the Reformer comforted with his Master's Word by the princes of this world."

The arraignment and defence were repeated in both Latin and German. "Martin Luther," said the Chancellor in a loud, clear voice, "his sacred and invincible Imperial Majesty has cited you before his throne in accordance with the advice and counsel of the holy Roman Empire, to require you to answer two questions: First, Do you acknowledge these books to have been written by you?" and he pointed to a pile of twenty volumes on a table: "and secondly, Are you prepared to retract these books and their contents, or do you persist in the opinions you have advanced in them?"

"Let the titles of the books be read," said Luther's counsel. This having been done, Luther replied: "Most Gracious Emperor, gracious princes and lords! I acknowlege as mine the books that have just been named; I cannot deny them. As to the second question, seeing that it concerns faith and the salvation of souls, and in which the Word of God, the greatest and most precious treasure either in heaven or earth, is interested, I should act imprudently were I to reply without reflection. I might affirm less

than the circumstance demands, or more than truth requires, and so sin against this saying of Christ: 'Whosoever will deny Me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.' For this reason I entreat your Imperial Majesty, with all humility, to allow me time, that I may answer without offending against the Word of God."

A respite of four-and-twenty hours was granted, and the Diet adjourned. Luther had restrained his natural impetuosity, but no fear of consequences shook his soul. That night he wrote to a friend: "With Christ's help, I shall never retract a tittle of my works." Still he felt that the crisis of his life was at hand. In the agony of his soul on that night of prayer, as if groping in the darkness for the sustaining hand of God, were wrung forth the following pleading cries, which, overheard by a friend of the Reformer, were left on record as one of the most precious documents of history: "My last hour is come; my condemnation is pronounced. O God, do Thou help me against all the wisdom of this world. O God, hearest Thou me not? O God, art Thou dead? Nay, Thou canst not die. Thou hidest Thyself only. Act then, O God. Stand by my side. Lord, where stayest thou? I am ready to lay down my life for Thy truth. Though the world should be filled with devils, though my body should be slain, be cut in pieces, be burned to ashes, my soul is Thine. I shall abide with Thee for ever. Amen! O God, help me, Amen." These wrestlings of his soul in the hour of his Gethsemane are the key of the Reformation. Luther laid hold upon the very throne of God, and was enbraved with more than mortal might.

The next day Luther was again arraigned before the crowded Diet. He modestly requested that if, through ignorance, he should violate the proprieties of the august presence, he might be pardoned, for he had not been brought up in the palaces of kings, but in an obscure convent. "If I have spoken evil," he said, quoting the words of our Lord, "bear witness of the evil. As soon as I am convinced I will retract every error, and be the first to lay hold upon my books and throw them into the fire." "But," he went on, in his grand loyalty to truth, "unless I am convinced by the testimony of Scripture, I cannot and will not retract, for it is unsafe for a Christian to speak against his conscience." Then looking round upon that great assembly of the might and majesty of Christendom, he uttered

the immortal words: "Hier stehe ich. Ich kann nicht anders, Gott helfe mir"—"Here I take my stand; I can do no other; God help me, Amen." "It is," says Carlyle, "the greatest moment in the modern history of men." The heroic scene is commemorated in the grand Luther Monument erected near this place.

"This monk speaks with an intrepid heart and unshaken courage," said the Emperor. Some of Luther's friends began to tremble for his fate, but with unfaltering faith he repeated "May God be my helper, for I can retract nothing."

The papal party, fearing the effect of Luther's dauntless daring, redoubled their efforts with the Emperor to procure his condemnation. In this they were successful. The next day Charles V. caused sentence to be pronounced against the Reformer. "A single monk," he said, "misled by his own folly, has risen against the faith of Christendom. To stay such impiety I will sacrifice my kingdoms, my treasures, my friends, my body, my blood, my soul, and my life. I am about to dismiss the Augustine Luther, forbidding him to cause the least disorder among the people; I shall then proceed against him and his adherents, as contumacious heretics, by excommunication, by interdict, and by every means calculated to destroy them." Luther is further described as not a man, but Satan himself dressed in a monk's frock, and all men are admonished, after the expiration of his safe-conduct, not to conceal him, nor to give him food or drink, but to seize him and deliver him into custody.

But the heart of the nation was on the side of Luther. There were, it is said, four hundred knights who would have maintained his safe-conduct, and under their protection he was permitted to depart from Worms. He visited first the village of his sires, and preached in the little church of Eisenach As he was travelling next day, accompanied by two friends, through the Thuringian Forest, five horsemen, masked and armed, sprang upon them, and before he was aware, Luther found himself a prisoner in the hands of those unknown men. Through devious forest ways, adopted to avoid detection or pursuit, he was conveyed up a mountain slope, and by midnight reached the lofty and isolated fortress of the Wartburg—a place of refuge provided for him by his friend, the "wise" Elector of Saxony. He was furnished with a knight's dress and a sword, and directed to let

his hair and beard grow, so that even the inmates of the castle might not discover who he was. Indeed, he tells us, he hardly recognized himself. Here in his mountain eyrie, like John at Patmos, he remained in hiding till the outburst of the storm of persecution was overpast.

At first his friends thought that Luther was slain. But soon, as evidence of his vigorous life and active labours, a multitude of writings, tracts, pamphlets, and books, were sent forth from his mysterious hiding-place, and were everywhere hailed with enthusiasm. The bold blows of the imprisoned monk shook the very throne of the Papacy. Within a year he published 183 distinct treatises. He worked hard, too, at his translation of the Scriptures into the German tongue, and secure in his mountain fortress he sang his song of triumph—"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,"—

> "A safe stronghold our God is still—
> A trusty shield and weapon."

But he was not without his hours of darkness and visitations of Satan. His long confinement proved irksome, and wore upon his spirits and his health. One day, as in bodily depression he was working at his desk, at his translation of the Bible, to his disordered vision appeared an apparition of Satan, in a hideous form, forbidding him to go on with his sacred task. Seizing his inkhorn, the intrepid monk hurled it at the head of the arch-enemy of man, who instantly disappeared. On the walls of the old castle of Wartburg may be seen the ink-stains to the present day.

The progress of the Reformation in Germany needed the control of a firm hand and wise head to restrain it from tending toward enthusiasm or violence. Luther could no longer endure the restraint of the Wartburg, and after ten months' concealment he left its sheltering walls. He went boldly to Wittemberg, though warned of the hostility of Duke George. "I would go," he wrote, in his vigorous way, "though it for nine whole days rained Duke Georges, and each one nine times more furious than he." Your true Reformer must be no coward. Like John the Baptist, like Luther, Knox or Wesley, he must boldly face death or danger, counting not his life dear unto him for the testimony of Jesus.

At Wittemberg, Luther was received, by town and gown, with enthusiasm, and preached with boldness and success alike against

the corruptions of Rome and the doctrinal errors which threatened the nascent Reformation. Among the many opponents of Luther, none was more virulent and violent than the royal polemic, Henry VIII., King of England. He ordered his writings to be burned at St. Paul's Cross; and in his "Defence of the Sacraments," written, says a historian, "as it were with his sceptre," he sought to crush beneath the weight of his invective the German monk, whom he denounced as a wolf of hell, a poisonous viper, a limb of the devil. "Behold," cried the papal sycophants, "the most learned work the sun ever saw." "He is a Constantine—a Charlemagne," said others; "nay, he is more—he is a second Solomon." Pope Leo averred that his book could only have been written by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and bestowed on the King the title of "Defender of the Faith," which the Sovereigns of England have ever since borne.

Luther handled his royal antagonist without gloves. He was an equal master of invective, and he used it without stint. He refuted the book in detail, and concluded with bold defiance: "It is a small matter," he said, "that I should revile a king of earth, since he fears not to blaspheme the King of heaven. Before the Gospel which I preach must come down popes, priests, monks, princes, devils. Let these swine advance and burn me if they dare. Though my ashes were thrown into a thousand seas, they will arise, pursue and swallow this abominable herd. Living, I will be the enemy of the papacy; burnt, I shall be its destruction."

We defend not Luther's railing tongue, but it must be said in apology that it was an age of hard words and strong blows. The venerable Bishop Fisher inveighs against Luther as "an old fox, a mad dog, a ravening wolf, a cruel bear;" and Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England, uses yet more violent language. But the coarseness of this railing was partly veiled beneath the stately Latin tongue in which it was clothed.

By tongue and pen the new doctrines were everywhere proclaimed. Despite the burning of Protestant books, they rapidly multiplied. In 1522-23, in Wittemberg alone, were published 850 pamphlets and books, of which 317 were by Luther himself, and many of them were translated into English, French, Italian and Spanish. The churches could not contain the multitude who thronged to hear the gospel. At Zwickau, from the balcony

of the Rathhaus, or town-hall, Luther preached to 25,000 persons in the market-place. The Reformed doctrines spread rapidly, especially in Germany and the Low Countries, and soon, at Antwerp, a whole convent of monks were followers of Luther. They were imprisoned and condemned to death. Some escaped, but two—Esch and Voes, the protomartyrs of the Reformation—were burned at the stake at Brussels, July 1, 1523. As the flames arose around them, Esch said, "I seem to lie upon a bed of roses." Then both repeated the Creed and sang the Te Deum, and joined the noble army of martyrs in the skies. Luther commemorated their death in a beautiful hymn, and soon in almost every hamlet in the Netherlands and Germany were sung the triumphs of the martyrs' faith—

> "No! no! their ashes shall not die;
> But, borne to every land,
> Where'er their sainted dust shall fall
> Upsprings a holy band."

Luther used his utmost influence to repress and mitigate the unhappy Peasants' War, waged by the fanatical Anabaptists. For this, not the Reformation, but the cruel land laws and feudal oppression of the toiling multitudes are to blame. Nevertheless, upon the unhappy people fell the brunt of the war, and many thousands were slain.

We now approach an event of great influence on the social character of the Reformation, and on the future of the Protestant clergy. Luther had long asserted the right of a priest to marry; but for himself, he averred, he had no thought of it, for he every day expected the punishment and death of a heretic. But at length he considered it his duty to bear his testimony in the most emphatic manner against the Romish "doctrine of devils," forbidding to marry. He therefore espoused the fair Katharine Von Bora, a lady of noble family, who had for conscience' sake abandoned the vocation of a nun. It was eight years after his first breach with Rome. He was then forty-two years old; so his reforming zeal cannot be ascribed, as it has been, to his impatient haste for wedlock. All Catholic Europe hurled its accusations and calumnies upon the Reformer.* But in the solace of his happy home, and in

* "What but Antichrist can be the offspring of such a union?" it was asked. To which answered Erasmus, with biting sarcasm, "If that be so—quot Antichristorum millia jam olim habet mundus."

the society of his "dear and gracious Ketha"—his "Lord Ketha," or "Doctoress Luther," as, on account of her native dignity, he often called her—his spirit, amid his incessant toils and trials, found a sweet repose. In after years, in his songs and mirth and frolics with his children, he forgot the persecution of his enemies. By this bold act he made once more possible to the ministers of Christ that sweet idyl of domestic happiness which the Church of Rome, to the great detriment of manners and morals, had banished from the earth.

The remaining twenty years of Luther's life are less fertile in dramatic incident. They were, however, fruitful in labours of lasting benefit to mankind. The greatest of these is his translation into the common German tongue of the Holy Scriptures. This has fixed the language and faith of almost the whole of the German Fatherland. His commentaries, sermons and chorales, and his labours for popular education, are the undying evidences of his wise head, his large heart, his fervent piety, and his unflagging energy. The care of the churches, his labours as professor and preacher at Wittemberg, his theological disputations, by which he sought to mould the doctrines of the Reformed faith, engrossed his busy days and trenched far upon his nights. He took also an active part in all the public events of his country. Some of the dogmas of Rome he retained to the very last. His strangely literal mind accepted without question the doctrine of transubstantiation, or perhaps, more properly, consubstantiation. This doctrine he defended in a disputation with Zwingle, at Marburg, for several successive days. At the beginning of the controversy he wrote in chalk upon the table cover the words: "Hoc est Corpus meum"—"This is my body;" and at the close of the wordy war, in testimony of his unalterable faith, he raised the cloth and shook it in the face of his antagonist, crying, "Hoc est Corpus meum."

Luther's disposition was sunny, cheerful and magnanimous; but his temper was often irascible and his anger violent. But beneath the surface he had a warm, genial and generous heart. To use his own graphic words, he was "rough, boisterous, stormy and warlike, born to fight innumerable devils and monsters."

But the home side of Luther's character is its most delightful aspect. Playing on his German flute, from which he said the devils fled away; singing his glorious German carols; paying mirthful homage to his gentle spouse, the grave "Lady Ketha;"

romping with his little Hans and Katharina around a Christmas tree; or tearfully wrestling with God for the life of his babe Magdalen, and then, awe-struck, following the flight of her departing spirit through the unknown realms of space—these things knit to our souls the great-hearted Dr. Martin Luther.

His latter years were frequently darkened by sickness, sorrow, the death of friends, doctrinal differences among the Reformed Churches, and the gloomy shadows of war hanging over his beloved country. His work was done, and he longed to depart and be at rest. "I am worn out," he wrote in his sixtieth year, "and no more of any use. I have finished my course. There remains only that God gather me to my fathers, and give my body to the worms." Three years later, January, 1546, with his three sons, he travelled to Eisleben to settle a dispute between the Counts of Mansfeldt and some of the miner folk. He preached four times, enjoyed the recollections of his birth-place, and wrote loving letters to his "profoundly learned Lady Ketha." His conversation in those last days was unusually earnest, rich and impressive. It related to death, eternity, and the recognition of friends in heaven. On February 17th he was seized with a painful oppression at the chest, and after fervent prayer, with folded hands, and thrice repeating to his friends the words, "Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit; Thou hast redeemed me, Thou faithful God," he quietly passed away. His remains were removed in solemn procession to Wittemberg, and deposited in the Castle chapel, near the pulpit from which he had so often and so eloquently preached.

Luther was emphatically a man of prayer. He lived in its very atmosphere. "Bene orasse," he used to say, "est bene studuisse." And he habitually fed his soul on the Word of God. "The basis of his life," says Carlyle, "was sadness, earnestness. Laughter was in this Luther, but tears, too, were there. Tears also were appointed him; tears and hard toil. I will call this Luther a true, great man; great in intellect, in courage, affection and integrity. Great not as a hewn obelisk; but as an Alpine mountain—so simple, honest, spontaneous. Ah, yes, unsubduable granite, piercing far and wide into the heavens; yet in the clefts of it fountains, green beautiful valleys with flowers! A right spiritual hero and prophet; once more a true son of nature and fact, for whom these centuries, and many that are yet to come will be thankful to Heaven."

# BARBARA HECK.

*A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF UPPER CANADA.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "KING'S MESSENGER."

## CHAPTER VIII.—QUAKER AND CAVALIER.

A SOMEWHAT wider range of characters now comes upon the scene of our little story. The second year after the settlement of the Palatine Methodists on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the little community received a reinforcement of its numbers. Towards the close of a sunny day in May, the snowy sails of two large batteaux were seen rounding the headland that shut off the view of the lower reaches of the river. The batteaux made for the shore, and almost the whole population of the little hamlet went down to the landing to give the new-comers a welcome; for this was the most notable event which had happened since their own arrival.

In the bow of the foremost boat stood a venerable-looking man, with a snowy beard and long iron-grey hair resting on his shoulders. He wore a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, and a butternut-coloured coat with straight collar and cutaway skirt. Rowing the two boats were a number of younger men, but they all wore the same antiquated costume and were marked by the same gravity of expression. The women, of whom there were five or six of different ages, wore comfortable brown stuff gowns and drab-coloured deep "poke-bonnets," but quite innocent of bow or ribbon, save that by which they were tied. Even the children nestling in the boats wore a garb remarkably like that of their elders, and had a strangely old-fashioned look.

"Peace be to this place and to all who dwell here," gravely said the old man, as the batteaux grated on the shingle.

"We bid you welcome in the name of the Lord," replied Paul Heck, who was the recognized head of the little community, at the same time extending his hand in greeting. The younger men took hold of the batteaux and dragged them up on the beach, and assisted the voyagers to disembark.

"We have been moved to seek homes here in this loyal province," spoke the old man, "and to cast in our lot with the faithful subjects of our lawful King."

"Fain and glad we are to see you," said Paul; "a goodly

heritage has the King granted us in this fertile land—a land which, like Canaan of old, may be said to flow with milk and honey."

"We desire no goodlier land than the one we left on the banks of the Schuylkill, where we and our fathers sojourned since the days of William Penn. But we do desire to dwell in a land of peace, where we shall never hear again the dreadful bruits of war."

"We are of the same mind in that," replied Paul. "Come and 'bide this night in my house with your family. To-morrow we will find your allotment, which must be higher up the river."

"Thanks, good friend, for thy hospitality. We gladly accept it. This is Hannah Whiteside, my wife," he said, introducing a silver-haired old lady, with sweet benignant expression of countenance; "and these," he added, with a sweep of his arm to the younger groups, "are my sons and my sons' wives, and their little ones, and my daughters. The Lord hath dealt bountifully with me, as with His servant Jacob. It was borne in upon me to seek a home in this northern land; and if the Lord prosper us, our kinsfolk in Pennsylvania will shortly follow us."

"You belong, I see," said Paul as they walked to the house, "to the people called Quakers. For them I have a great regard, for their peace principles are like my own."

"The people of the world called us Quakers," replied Jonas Whiteside—for that was his name—"at first in derision and scorn. But we resent not the word, although we prefer to be called Friends."

"And very good friends we will be, I hope," said Paul. "I will use the name that you prefer."

"Nay, thee meant no harm, and we desire to be friends with all," replied the patriarch. "Peace be upon this house and household," he added, as he was ushered into the large living room of the Heck family.

"We wish you peace, in the name of the Lord," said Barbara Heck, giving them cordial welcome and bustling about to provide for their entertainment.

"Dear heart, you must be tired with your long journey," she said to the silver-haired matron, as she relieved her of her bonnet and shawl.

"It more than makes amends to get such kindly greeting

where we expected to see naught but red deer and red men," was the soft-voiced answer. "I like thee much. What is thy name?"

"Barbara Heck, and my good man's name is Paul Heck."

"We who are of the Friends' persuasion use not the world's titles. Be not offended if I call thy husband, Friend Paul, and thyself, Barbara; and I prithee call me Hannah. It will seem more home-like in this far-off place."

The two women soon became fast friends. They had much in common—the same unworldly spiritual nature; the same habitual communion with the unseen; the same moral sensitiveness to the illumining of the "inner light." But there was a greater mental vigour in Barbara Heck; and pleasant it was to see Hannah Whiteside, with her smooth and placid brow unwrinkled by a single line or mark of care, listening to the words of shrewd practical wisdom of Barbara Heck, amid whose once raven hair the silver threads of age had now begun to appear.

Lodging was found for the younger women in the capacious attic, while the men were gladly content with the dry clean beds of straw in the barn.

The "Quaker Settlement," as it came to be called, was only a couple of miles further up the river, and their coming imparted a comfortable sense of good neighbourhood which took away much of the sense of isolation which during the first year had been at times oppressively felt by the Methodist pioneers.

Soon another company of settlers arrived, whose presence added still greater variety and colour to the social life of the little forest community. These were several Virginia families of wealth and position, who, for services to the Crown during the troublous times of the war, had received liberal land grants in Upper Canada. With them they brought several of their domestic slaves, whose presence literally added "more colour" to the social life, and contributed not a little to the social amusement of the young people of the settlement. Slavery had not then become in America the system of cruel oppression which it was even then in the West Indies, and which it afterwards became in the cotton and sugar States of the Union. These light-hearted, careless creatures had been the farm and house-servants of easy-going masters, who would have shrunk from the thought of personal unkindness and oppression—beyond the great and grave oppression of holding an

immortal being in bondage, like a beast of burden or a mere chattel. But of that they thought not. No one thought. Even good and philanthropic men like George Whitefield deemed it no harm to own slaves; but, of course, they felt it a duty to use them kindly.

It was not till 1793 that the Provincial Legislature of Upper Canada, by an Act passed at Newark, forbade the further introduction of slaves, and decreed that all slave children born after the 9th of July in that year should be free on reaching the age of twenty-one. But those who were already in the country remained the chattels of their masters. But their numbers were few, and public opinion secured their good treatment. In fact, slavery cannot flourish in a northern climate, where thrift and careful industry are essential pre-requisites to prosperity. These can never be attained by enforced and unpaid labour. It is only in southern climates, where the prolific soil yields her increase in response to careless tillage, and where shelter and clothing are almost superfluous, that from the thriftless toil of purchased thews and sinews can be wrung a thriftless compensation. It is the blessing, not the bane, of our northern land that only by the strenuous toil of unbought muscles can the earth be subdued and made the free home of free men.

The leading member of this company of Virginia loyalists was Colonel Isaac Pemberton, a man of large and portly person, who to the politeness of a perfect gentleman added great dignity of bearing. He had served on the staff of Lord Cornwallis in the Royalist army, on which account he was always spoken of by the honorary title of "Colonel" Pemberton. His sons had also served as volunteers in the same army, but only in the untitled capacity of "full privates." By the disastrous surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, the Pembertons became prisoners of war, but after having been released on parole they were at length exchanged for some leading insurgents who were confined on board the hulks at Halifax. The vast Pemberton estate on the Upper Potomac, and all the broad demesne, yielding a rich annual revenue in tobacco and grain, with the stately country-house in which the gallant colonel had been wont to dispense an open-handed Virginian hospitality, were, however, confiscated by "those rascally rebels," as the old gentleman called the successful insurgents. He had managed to secure, however, a consider-

able amount of ready money in solid English guineas, together with the valuable jewels of his wife and daughters, including a necklace of considerable value, though of rather tasteless design, which had been a present from good Queen Anne to his own mother—who had been one of the Queen's maids of honour—on her wedding day.

His large troop of slaves were of course confiscated with the estate. But through some oversight or informality, two old "body-servants," who had acted respectively as valet and butler, together with their wives and brood of "pickaninies," were permitted to share the fallen fortunes of their master. This the faithful creatures gladly did, for they felt that upon their fidelity depended very largely the dignity and honour of the house. These sable satellites rejoiced in the somewhat pompous names, bestowed by the classic taste of the Colonel's father—who had been an Oxford graduate—of Julius Cæsar and Cneius Pompey; but they were for the most part more briefly designated as "You Jule," or "You Pomp"—or Uncle Pomp, or Jule, as their master preferred to call them. And very patriarchal those faithful old servants looked, their heads as white as the bursting bolls of the cotton plant, or as the large globes which surmounted the gate posts of the hospitable mansion, when covered with a cap of fleecy snow.

Much more important members of the household, however, and equally faithful in sharing its fallen fortunes, were the wives of these classic magnates—"Mammy Dinah," the ancient nurse of a generation of young Pembertons; and Aunt Chloe, the oracle and priestess of the kitchen, who had presided at mysteries of the *cuisine* in the palmy days of routs and parties and lavish hospitality. Their names were popular corruptions of the whimsical cognomens bestowed by their former master, Diana and Cleopatra.

"Hab my liberty, eh?" said Mammy Dinah, when told by Colonel Pemberton that she and her husband were free to go where they pleased. "Not if I knows it. I haint nussed Mas'r George and Mas'r Ned and the young leddies when they wuz leetle pickaninies, through mumps and measles, to lose sight on 'em now. No Mas'r, ye don't get red o' me that a-way, no how!"

"Laws, honey!" chimed in Aunt Chloe, "what 'ud Missis ever do widout *me*, I'd like ter know? Couldn't even make a

corn dodger or slap jack widout ole Chloe. Ye can't do widout me, no how. De ting's onpossible!"

"No, indeed, Mammy and Aunty," said Mrs. Pemberton, a delicate little woman, with a low, soft voice, "I don't know what we'd do without either of you. I'm so glad you don't want to leave us. But we've lost all our property, you know, and we will have to go away off to Canada, to the wild backwoods, where nobody ever lived before."

"All de more need for ole Mammy and Chloe to go wid ye, and nuss ye, and care for ye and Mas'r," said the faithful Dinah. "We can die for ye, honey, but we can't leave ye."

So the whole household, with these faithful servants, took passage in a schooner down the Potomac to Hampton Roads, where they were transferred to a British ship which had been sent to convey the Virginia loyalists to the port of Halifax, in the loyal province of Nova Scotia. It was a small and crowded vessel. There were many refugees on board, and the autumnal equinox had brought with it fierce Atlantic gales. Three weeks they beat about that stern inhospitable coast—those delicately nurtured women suffering all the discomforts and privations of sea-sickness, and of the crowded cabins and short allowance of water and provisions, before their almost shipwrecked vessel, with tattered canvas, glided, like a storm-tossed bird with weary wing, into the noble harbour of refuge, where the fair city of Halifax now extends her spacious streets and squares. The town was very different from the stately city which we to-day behold—a row of wooden warehouses near the water, and on the rising slope irregular groups of houses, barracks, and a fort, all surrounded by a palisade. In the broad Chebucto Bay lay slumbering on the wave half a score of those

> Oak leviathans whose huge ribs make
> Their clay creator the vain title take
> Of lord of [the sea] and arbiter of war.

And as the lightning flashed from their oaken sides, and the thunder rolled over the wave as they saluted the loyalist refugees, these exiles for conscience' sake felt with a proud thrill that they were once more under the protection of the dear old flag for which they had endured so much.

It was on the verge of winter. Many of the refugees were

suffering from lack of clothing, and many of them were without money to procure either food or shelter. Among them were men and women of gentle birth and delicate nurture, ex-judges of His Majesty's courts, ex-officers of His Majesty's army, clergymen of Oxford training, planters, and country gentlemen, all reduced from competence to poverty on account of their fidelity to their conscience and their King. But the best provision that it was possible to make for their comfort was made. The King's stores were thrown open, and ample supplies of food, blankets, and tents were furnished, and accommodation was provided as far as possible for the refugees in the barracks of the troops and in private houses.

Some took up land in Nova Scotia, among them the paternal ancestors of the present writer, who were loyalist refugees from North Carolina and Virginia. Others—among them Colonel Pemberton and his family—preferred to make the journey to the more distant wilds of Canada. These had to remain in camp or barrack through the long and dreary months of a winter of unusual severity. In the spring, when the ice was thought to be out of the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, a transport was sent to convey them to Quebec and Montreal. But the spring was late. The ice floes were unusually heavy and numerous; and much delay and discomfort were experienced before the transport cast anchor beneath the fortress-crowned height of Quebec. But the troubles of our refugees were now almost at an end. As if an omen and augury of their future prosperity, the month of May opened warm and sunny. A sudden transfiguration of the face of nature took place. A green flush overspread the landscape. The air was filled with the pollen and catkins of the larch and willows. When our travellers landed on the river bank at Montreal, they found the blue-eyed violets blooming under the very shadow of the "ice shove," where the frozen surface of the river had been piled up upon the shore; and before the snow-drifts had melted from the hollows a whiter drift of apple blossoms had covered as with a bridal veil the orchard trees.

The welcome of the Virginia loyalists at the Heck Settlement, as it had begun to be called, was no less cordial than had been that of the more peaceful and less aristocratic Quakers of the previous year. They had all suffered for a common cause;

and community of suffering is the strongest bond of sympathy and friendship. Hence it was that in the early days of the settlement of Upper Canada—

All men were as brothers
In those brave days of old.
Then none was for a party,
And all were for the State;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great.

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## THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud,
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek,
Amid our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

The silence—awful, sweet, and calm—
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem—
They seem to lull us to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,
Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.

## HISTORY OF A HYMN.

"Abide with me! Fast falls the Eventide."

This hymn would probably have become a universal favourite, even if its authorship and origin had been unknown; but as the beauty of a precious diamond becomes the more manifest by a suitable setting, so the charm of this composition will be heightened by the following facts of the history of the author and the circumstances under which it was written. It was the closing, crowning fruit of a life consecrated to Christ—a life often interrupted by sickness, and at length cut off in the prime of its mental and spiritual power. The author, Henry Francis Lyte, in his beautiful and pathetic piece, "Declining Days," having said that the great cause of regret when life is passing away is to have "lived so useless," concludes—

> "O Thou! whose touch can lend
> Life to the dead, Thy quick'ning grace supply,
> And grant me, swan-like, my last breath to spend
> In song that may not die."

In this hymn the poet's wish was fulfilled. It was written two months before his death. And although several of the lyrical pieces and hymns written by the same hand are full of rich Christian thought poetically expressed, yet it is by this hymn—sung by thousands of worshippers who in tender response make melody in their hearts to the Lord—that the poet will always be known and remembered with loving remembrance.

We are happy in having, from one who knew all the circumstances, an account of the occasion on which this hymn was written. The poet's accomplished daughter, Mrs. Hogg, prefixed to the "Remains" of her father a prefatory memoir. This tribute of affection was to have been paid by his eldest son, but he was called to join his father before this filial duty was fulfilled. The daughter's pleasing narrative is dedicated thus: "In loving memory of a devoted father and dear companion." Having spoken of his failing strength, and of the journeys taken to countries in which the climate was softer, and might be hoped to stay the progress of the disease, she continues:

"The summer was passing away, and the month of September (that month in which he was once more to quit his native land) arrived, and each day seemed to have a special value as being one day nearer his departure; his family were surprised, and almost alarmed, at his announcing his intention of preaching once more to his people. His weakness and the possible danger attending the effort were urged to prevent it; but in vain. 'It was better,' as he used often playfully to say when in comparative health, 'to wear out than to rust out.' He felt sure he would be enabled to fulfil his wish, and feared not for the result. His expectation was well founded. He did preach, and, amid the breathless attention of his hearers, gave them the Sermon on the Holy Communion. He afterwards assisted at the administration of the Holy Eucharist; and though necessarily much exhausted by the exertion and excitement of this effort, yet his friends had no reason to believe it had been hurtful to him. In the evening of the same day he placed in the hands of a near and dear relative the little hymn, 'Abide with me,' with an air of his own composing adapted to the words."

The devout Christian will see new charms in this hymn if he regard it as the utterance of a dying believer and Christian pastor, and as a Communion as well as an evening hymn, full of suggestion of the dying Lord, as in the Scripture incident on which it is based He was known to His disciples in "the breaking of bread."

Lyte had in his own life experience of the "change and decay," the "ills" and "tears" of which he speaks in the hymn, and over which he triumphed by abiding in Christ. In early life he was thrown on his own resources, and subsequently for many years he was contending with the afflictions that at length brought him to his grave.

The hymn has a solemn interest as a dying utterance. It speaks of the true solace in the hour of dissolution and departure. And it is worthy of remark that, although the poet had always through life shrunk with nervous apprehension from the act of dying, yet, when the last conflict came, this terror did not harass him, but he fell asleep in Jesus with smiles of hopeful joy on his countenance and words of peace on his lips. It was also by a dying scene that he first learned by personal experience what it is to have Christ abiding in the heart. In a letter from Marazion,

March 30, 1818, he gives an account of a visit paid to a neighbouring clergyman, and of the deep impression produced upon his mind by the dying confessions he then heard. He says, "My blood almost curdled to hear the dying man declare and prove, with irrefutable clearness, that both he and I had been utterly mistaken in the means we had adopted for ourselves and recommended to others, if the explanatory Epistles of St. Paul were to be taken in their plain and literal sense." His friend died resting on the Atonement as the only ground of his salvation, and he from that time regarded life and its issue with a different eye, and began to study his Bible and preach otherwise than before. As that death-bed testimony left its impression on the life of the poet, so its influence is evident in this hymn, its closing, crowning utterance. Lyte was accustomed to compose the music for the hymns sung at the anniversaries of his Sunday-school as well as to write the words; and it very much adds to the charm which belongs to this favourite hymn, that, having the music the poet himself composed for it, we know the pensive sentiment with which he desired the words should be invested. The tune "Eventide," to which this hymn is often sung, has both beauty and adaptation, but the admirer of this hymn will find pleasure and advantage in using Lyte's own music; and this can now be conveniently done, as it is published separately.

> "Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
> The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
> When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
> Help of the helpless, O abide with me."

As an evening hymn, Lyte's does not differ from Ken's and others in making the prominent thought to be the association of the coming of the shades of night with the approach of death, and the connected suggestion of the need of the Divine Presence. But his hymn is marked by an impassioned earnestness, and a warmth of affection toward the Divine Master, without the presumption which is an occasional defect in the hymns of Zinzendorf and others. In these marks of a close spiritual union with Christ he follows the choicest hymns of St. Bernard and Gerhardt, and touches a very tender chord in the heart of every devout believer.

To the pensive, pious heart of the afflicted poet, the softening

tints and deepening shades and closing music of evening were very sweet. His piece "Evening" begins:

> "Sweet evening hour! sweet evening hour!
> That calms the air, and shuts the flower:
> That brings the wild bird to her nest,
> The infant to its mother's breast."

And it closes with similar expressions of delight in evening worthy of the author of the Evening Hymn that is gradually becoming the chief favourite. The last stanza is as follows:

> "Let others hail the rising day:
> I praise it when it fades away;
> When life assumes a higher tone,
> And God and heaven are all my own."

Lyte was an earnest Christian minister, and used his power as a hymn-writer and poet for the furtherance of the great object of his life. Many of his hymns and lyrical pieces have much Scripture shining through them, and he was the author of a metrical version of the Psalms entitled "The Spirit of the Psalms." And the hymn we are here writing of was evidently based on the appeal of the two disciples to Christ on reaching Emmaus. They had felt that their hearts burned within them while He talked with them by the way, and while He opened to them the Scriptures; and when "He made as though he would have gone further . . . they constrained Him, saying, "Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And He went in to tarry with them" (Luke xxiv. 28, 29). Then He continued that converse with his disciples:

> "Familiar, condescending, patient, free,"

of which the hymn speaks. The closing couplet of the first stanza follows the words of the Psalmist (Psa. xxvii. 9, 10): "Thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation. When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

> "Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
> Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away:
> Change and decay in all around I see;
> O Thou, who changest not, abide with me."

A great excellence of this hymn is the happy combination of variety with unity. The unity is in the abiding of Christ with

the believer. This is the leading note of the piece, to which it constantly returns. And monotony is avoided by introducing in each stanza some fresh aspect of thought, the new suggestions being all related to the leading idea. In the first stanza we are introduced to the evening scene as night comes on, and the sense of helplessness at the approach of darkness leading to a prayer to the "Helper of the helpless." In the second stanza we advance to the thought of death as suggested by the increasing shades of night, and again there is an appeal to Christ as the Unchanging where all things are yielding to "change and decay."

In January of the year 1847, in which the hymn was written, Lyte finished a piece with words similar to this stanza, as follows:

> "Be mine, while all things shift and change around,
> To cleave to Him in whom no change is found;
> To rest on the Immutable, to cling
> Closer and closer 'neath the Almighty's wing;
> His voice in all its varied tones to hear,
> And in all aspects feel Him ever near;
> Be mine with Him to walk, on Him depend—
> Then, come what may, it all to good must tend."

The third stanza explains what is meant by Christ "abiding with" the believer, the freedom and familiarity of the association, and its permanence. Christ's association with His disciples is given as the example, the primary thought being of His friendship with them during His life on earth.

> "Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
> But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
> Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
> Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me."

Many times Christ spoke of His disciples abiding in Him, and of His abiding in them. And He illustrated the vital, permanent relationship by the parable of the vine and the branches. The prominence of the personal element, both in reference to Christ and to the confiding believer, is a marked element in the hymn. By this the devout reader or worshipper participates in the hymn and makes it his own.

> "Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
> But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
> Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
> Come, Friend of sinners, and thus 'bide with me."

Here the possibility of Christ coming in wrath, as a King whose

laws have been broken, or in some overwhelming manifestation of His Divine Majesty, is used as a foil to show the condescending and gracious manner in which He does come to His disciples.

> "Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
> And though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
> Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
> On to the close, O Lord, abide with me."

This reference to the author's own youth gives a deepened interest to the hymn, and is the first of the few bold strokes by which he sketches his course even to approaching death. It reminds us of the similar verse in Addison's well-known autobiographic hymn:

> "When in the slippery paths of youth
> With heedless steps I ran,
> Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
> And led me up to man."

Without detracting from the praise that belongs to Lyte, we cannot but find the echoes of Keble's Evening Hymn in this:

> "I need Thy presence every passing hour;
> What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
> Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
> Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!"

Compare the following verse of Keble's with the stanza last given:

> "Abide with me from morn till eve,
> For without Thee I cannot live;
> Abide with me when night is nigh,
> For without Thee I dare not die."

Both hymns are masterpieces of the hymnic art; the talent and sentiment that please us are vailed and never obtruded on the view. But Keble's has the more poetry in its words and imagery, and Lyte's has a deeper personal interest arising from the dying condition of the writer.

> "I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
> Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
> Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
> I triumph still, if Thou abide with me."

With this stanza the hymn begins to rise to confident exultation. Death is near, but through Christ it is swallowed up in victory: to die is not loss, but gain. Here the noblest feelings find expression in the words of Scripture.

The final stanza introduces us to the believer in the very article of death, and we see how hopefully and triumphantly the Christian can die when he keeps Calvary's cross in view. In the earlier stanzas we are led gently on through gradual changes and shades of thought; in the two concluding stanzas the expressions are comparatively abrupt and striking, and the thought is vigorous and comprehensive; the mind of the reader being hurried on from one stirring view to another; and all is closed with the sweet refrain in the words with which the hymn began, "Abide with me."

> "Hold then Thy cross before my closing eyes;
> Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
> Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
> In life and death, O Lord, abide with me."

"The cross" is here put for Christ's atoning work; as Paul says, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." The cross is the place of the gloom that sin has thrown around man, and of the light by which God dispels that darkness. Lyte just hints at the light that penetrates through the solemn shades of the Christian's dying bed, a promise of the glory that is soon to burst upon the entranced view. This is fully and beautifully put by Bunyan in the "Pilgrim's Progress," where he pictures a company of the heavenly host coming out to meet Christian with words of welcome and love, and these shining ones are accompanied by "several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who, with melodious voices, make even the heavens to echo with their sound." Line 3 is similar to Solomon's Song ii. 17: "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away." So Dr. Mason Neale renders a verse of Bernard's well-known hymn:

> "The morning shall awaken,
> The shadows shall decay,
> And each true-hearted servant
> Shall shine as doth the day."

The prevailing charm of Lyte's last stanza is that the Christian is "more than conqueror through Him that loved him." A similar verse, but without this special excellence, is found in his piece, "It is I, be not afraid," as follows:

> "When on the bed of death I lie,
> And stretch my hands for aid,
> Stand Thou before my gazing eye,
> And say, 'Be not afraid.'"

## A CONSTANT SALVATION.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

A CLIPPER SHIP crossing the Banks of Newfoundland in heavy weather strikes an iceberg. She settles rapidly at the bow, and her captain and crew have barely time to leap into the life-boat. The question, "What must we do to be saved?" is answered by their prompt leap into the life-boat, which is an act of faith. They trust their lives to it for salvation. From immediate death they are saved.

But after the ship has sunk, the crew are still out in the deep and dangerous sea. There is a second process necessary. In order to keep out of the trough of the sea and to reach the distant shore they must stick to the boat and pull lustily at the oars. They must "work out their salvation" now by hard rowing. But this is a *continued* process of salvation day after day, until they reach the shores of Nova Scotia. Never for a moment, however, are they independent of the life-boat. That must keep them afloat, or they go to the bottom. At last, after hard rowing, they reach the welcome shore. This is their third, final, and complete salvation; for they are entirely beyond any perils of the treacherous sea. Now they are at rest, for they have reached the desired haven.

This homely parable will illustrate with sufficient clearness the three ways in which the word *salvation* is employed in God's Word and in human experience. The first leap into the life-boat illustrates that decisive act of the soul in quitting all other worthless reliances and throwing itself on Christ Jesus, in simple, believing trust. This is conversion. By it the soul is delivered from the guilt and condemnation of sin.

The Holy Spirit is active in this step—cleansing and renewing the heart. By this act of surrender to Christ the sinner escapes from death into life. He may joyfully cry out, "By the grace of God I am *saved!*"

Yet this converted believer is no more independent of Christ as a Saviour than those sailors were of that life-boat. For until he reaches the consummated deliverance of *Heaven* (which is what the word "salvation" signifies in Psalm xci., 16th verse), he must be clinging to Christ Jesus every day. And it is this

daily and hourly salvation that we wish to emphasize at present. Too many people limit the word to the initial step of converting faith, and falsely conclude that nothing more is to be done. A certain school of rather mystical Christians so magnify this act of receiving the "gift of eternal life" in Christ that they quite forget the fact that a vast deal of head winds, hard rowing, conflict with the Devil and remaining lusts must be encountered.

There is a very important sense in which every true servant of Christ is obliged to "work out his salvation" every day of his life, if he lives a century. It was not to impenitent sinners or to anxious inquirers that Paul addressed the famous injunction: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." He was addressing the blood-bought Church at Philippi. And if he were alive to-day, he might well ring these solemn words into the ears of every Christian in the land. For if our original deliverance from the condemnation of sin and desert of hell depended on our surrender to Christ, so our constant salvation from the assaults of sin depends upon our constant clinging to the Saviour and our constant *obedience* to His commandments. Faith without works is dead. Brethren, we may be in the life-boat; but then the life-boat is not heaven. There is many a hard tug at the oar, many a night of tempest, many a danger from false lights, and many a scud under bare poles (with pride's "top-hamper" all gone), before we reach the shining shore. To the last moment on earth our salvation depends on complete submission to Jesus. Without Him, nothing; with Him, all things.

Please bear in mind that salvation signifies simply the process of saving. Our Blessed Master means to save us and our lives for Himself, if we will let Him do it, and will honestly co-operate with Him. Yonder is an acre of weeds, which its owner wishes to save from barrenness to fruitfulness. So he subjugates it with plough and harrow and all the processes of cultivation. If the soil should cry out against the ploughshare and the harrow and the hoe, the farmer's answer would be: "Only by submission to this discipline can I rear the golden crop which shall be to your credit and to my glory." In like manner, by absolute submission to Christ's will, by constant obedience to His pure commandments, by the readiness to be used by Him entirely for His own purposes, can you or I be saved to life's highest end. The instant that I realize entirely that I am Christ's, I must

also realize that my time must be saved from waste for Him and my influence must be consecrated to Him. All accumulation is by wise saving. Sin means waste, and ends in ruin and remorse. The honest, devoted Christian is literally "working out his salvation" when he is daily striving to redeem his time, and employ his utmost capacity, and use his every opportunity to make his life a beautiful offering and possession for his Lord. If we were not worth saving, our Lord would never have tasted the bitter agonies of Golgotha to redeem us. If every saved follower is by and by to be presented by Christ "faultless, with exceeding joy," then is a Christian life a jewel worthy of His diadem. Oh, my soul! let Him work in me to will and to do according to His good pleasure, if I can be made to yield this revenue of honour to my beloved Lord.

There is another sense in which Christ furnishes us a constant salvation. His presence saves me in the hour of strong temptation He keeps me from falling in a thousand cases where I do not directly recognize his hand. When I wake up in the morning, after a night ride in a Pullman car, I do not know how many human hands have been busy in order that I might ride safely through the pitchy darkness. And when I get to heaven, perhaps I may find out how often Jesus interposed to save me from threatened ruin and from unsuspected dangers. He was saving me in a hundred ways that I did not dream of. And the visible acknowledged deliverances were all due to Him. Daily grace means a daily salvation. Paul lived thus in constant dependence, realizing that, if Christ withdrew His arm, he must sink in an instant. Not one moment can I dispense with the life-boat until my foot stands where "there is no more sea."

If these things be true, then we ought to be ever praying, "O Lord! what must I *do* now to be saved? To be saved from waste of time; to be saved from dishonouring Thee; to be saved from secret sin; and to be saved up to the fullest, richest, holiest service of Thyself?" He can help us to accomplish all this, for His grace can bring us a full salvation. When we reach heaven, we will no longer need to be saved. The voyage will be over, the dangers ended. The multitudes who have been saved will then walk in the light of the New Jerusalem, and cast their crowns at the feet of Him who purchased for us so ineffably glorious and transcendent a Salvation!

# THE CIRCUIT SYSTEM.

BY ROBERT WILKES.

In the early days of Methodism there were no stations. Each society was part of a circuit, and every preacher was a circuit preacher. In England there has been a gradual innovation upon this primitive usage. Important societies have been set apart as stations, especially in towns and cities; still the circuit system has a strong footing, for in the 704 circuits comprising the British Conference there are 1716 ministers, showing an average of over 2½ to each circuit. In Canada the tendency of later years has been towards the division of circuits proper to such an extent that, except on purely rural work, it may be questioned whether there be any circuits left as formerly constituted.

I do not propose to treat of the causes leading to this result, nor to question the goodness of the intentions with which circuits have been reduced to stations. In the Toronto Conference, in 1879, there were 47 stations with but one appointment each, 21 with but two; and although some of the Missionary Circuits have 10 to 12 appointments, yet the average of appointments on all circuits was but 3⅔.

The Church is chiefly concerned to know what the tendency of this innovation is; and if injurious to the present vitality and to the future aggressiveness of the Church, there should be an early remedy devised, cost what it may.

Beyond all other Protestant Churches, Methodism is Connexional. This is largely promoted by the Itinerant Ministry. The most successful evangelists, the ablest administrators, the most powerful preachers, are admitted by all to be the property of the whole denomination, and not of any individual church; the whole Church, therefore, rejoices in the possession of all its ministers, and in equal claims upon their services.

*Stations tend to lessen this Connexional feeling.*—For three years the individual minister devotes his whole time to one congregation. Three times a week, with few exceptions, he preaches to the same congregation; he is spared from his pulpit with reluctance; and if it be known that a brother from a less prominent neighbouring station is to occupy the pulpit, that the pastor may serve the smaller church, the congregation is often sensibly diminished. The tendency is therefore in the direction of congregational selfishness rather than in that of circuit liberality and connexional brotherhood.

*Stations weaken suburban appointments.*—The erection of town and city churches into stations compels the weak suburban churches to become stations also. The result is, that such churches are unable to comfortably maintain a pastor. By the effort to do so, their relative expenses are unduly increased and the work of God hindered. Not infrequently the incumbent suffers privations, and almost always the struggling cause is weakened. Brethren belonging officially to such societies should enjoy the stimulus of associating with the brethren of the larger churches at their Quarterly Boards, where they can feel that they are not isolated, and where they can derive encouragement, financially and spiritually, to push on the work of God. In aiding the weaker societies in true circuit relationship, the larger churches not only become a blessing, but they are themselves doubly blessed.

*Stations unduly exalt preaching talent.*—In the Gospel ministry "there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit;" yet *the* gift now in greatest demand is that of pulpit ability. Churches maintained congregationally are compelled to hold preaching ability at a premium; they can't keep up their congregations and pay their way without it. The result is that many brethren of eminent usefulness are practically excluded

from city pulpits; whereas if there were, as of old, three or more ministers on a circuit, the labours of such brethren could be made most acceptable, and all the churches could be more efficiently sustained.

*Stations prematurely superannuate useful men.*—In this country it is frequently remarked that our ministers are superannuated at a much earlier age than a similar class in Britain. It is a mistake to ascribe this to physical or mental inferiority, or to the effects of climate. In no country in the world can a more hale and intelligent class of men be found than the majority of Canadian Methodist ministers. In England, a man of over forty years' standing is retained as superintendent of most important circuits, but he is not subjected to the strain of constant ministration to the same congregation; yet he does full work, and the church has the benefit of his teaching from the pulpit and of his wise counsels in her aggressive active work. In the Methodist Church of Canada there is no question more important to its well-being than the prudent and wise exercise of the power of the Annual Conferences to superannuate its ministers. Already the impression is abroad among many ministers and laymen, that for various reasons this power has been too freely exercised. The Church cannot afford to prematurely lose the services of its experienced men, and the Superannuated Fund cannot undertake their maintenance in justice to its undoubted claimants. These should ever consist of men physically incapable of moderate circuit work, and of the widows and orphans of those who have fallen in the harness.

*Stations tend to abolish the office of local preachers.*—In Canada we return a percentage of local preachers to membership of 1 in 68⅔, but it is readily admitted that the majority of these are not *planned* to regular appointments. Not only are our local preachers few, and non-employed, but young men are not encouraged to undertake that work. There are other causes probably, operating in this country to prevent the extensive employment of a lay ministry, as in England; but undoubtedly one of the chief causes is the gradual abandonment of circuit work. In the past, the employment of a lay ministry has given Methodism immense power for good compared with her resources and with the number of her paid ministry. If this vantage ground be lost as the result of the abandonment of the circuit system, the supply of men for the regular ministry will ultimately be affected, or men will be engaged who have lacked the invaluable training which results from actual employment as local preachers.

The advocates of the division of circuits urge the necessities of the town and city churches. They argue that if the minor churches were associated with the larger ones, that it would necessitate the regular interchange of pulpits, which would be injurious to the leading congregations. This assumption is altogether gratuitous. If there were two to four ministers on a circuit, it does not at all follow that there must be regular rotation in the appointments. It never has been so from the first, nor is it so at present in England. The larger and more important churches have the leading preachers much more frequently planned to them, which is not unfair to the minor churches, for they receive the occasional services of all the ministers, and they derive the great advantage of being officially connected with more important societies.

I maintain that city churches, for their own prosperity, should have a number of minor churches and preaching appointments connected with them. It will enlarge their sympathies, counteract selfishness, develop their staff of local preachers, and in various ways react for good upon their own numerical and spiritual interests. I close this hasty paper with the remarks of Mr. Wesley in 1790: "I do not like dividing circuits." "I wish we had no circuits with less than three preachers."

TORONTO, May 25, 1880.

# CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

## The Conferences.

The great week of the year, to the Methodist preacher, is the Conference week—a week of special religious privilege, social enjoyment, and fraternal fellowship. Accustomed to preach himself all the year round, he has now an opportunity to hear others—distinguished strangers, or the men held most in honour by their brethren. The links of friendship's chain are burnished anew, and in mutual recollections the pleasant scenes of other days are lived over again. Those who once were intimate as brothers—old college friends or fellow-toilers in mission-fields, meet, perchance, but once a year to renew the pleasant memories of the past. And the tender and sacred associations of the absent and the dead add their pathos and their power to the occasion. The country looks its loveliest in the leafy month of June, and all the lingering romance of men too busy for any but its rare indulgence, is quickened by the beauty of nature. The warm hospitalities of our kind hosts make these Conference weeks green spots in our memories, and lead to the forming of precious friendships to be long cherished on earth, and, let us hope, consummated in heaven. The palatial homes of the good city of Hamilton, the sylvan arcades and air of sequestered ease of Belleville, well-named the "fair city," and the unrivalled scenery of Stanstead, in the heart of our Canadian Switzerland, will be to the brethren who have enjoyed them a memory of delight.

The anniversary meetings are occasions of great mental stimulus and spiritual profit. But there are two meetings which pre-eminently stir the feelings and call forth the sympathies of the soul—the reception of young men into the brotherhood, and their ordination to the work of the ministry. The hearts of the veterans are rejoiced within them as they behold coming forward, year by year, the bands of fresh recruits for the warfare whose weapons they are themselves about to lay down. As the youthful candidates relate the old familiar story, yet ever fresh and ever new, of their conviction of sin, conversion to God, and call to the ministry, the fathers in Israel rejoice that God is, year by year, raising up men to stand before the Lord—that young and stalwart souls are responding to the heavenly call, and that these are, through the improved educational institutions of our Church, better fitted to proclaim the Word and to encounter error than the pioneer preachers of the former time. Let us have but the faith and fervour of the brave old pioneers, and the higher education and broader culture of the present time, and we need not fear for the future of Methodism or of the Methodist ministry in this land.

> So shall the bright succession run
> Through the last courses of the sun;
> And unborn churches, by their care,
> Shall rise and flourish strong and fair.

And when, at the Sabbath service, these young knights receive their spiritual accolade, and go forth commissioned and equipped for the holy war to which they have consecrated their lives, every one of the brotherhood remembers the solemn hour when he took upon himself those solemn vows, and a thrill of sympathy and pulse of prayer throbs in every bosom on their behalf.

No religious service is fraught with deeper and more hallowed emotion than the Conference love-feast, where the veterans tell the story of the fightings they have known, the conflicts they have passed, and the new recruits, full of fresh enthusiasm, speak their holy joys.

Few sights on earth surpass in moral sublimity the final reading of the stations, when these soldiers of

the cross receive their marching orders for another year—some to go as a forlorn hope to distant and arduous fields of toil, others to face with trembling hearts the duties and responsibilities of city churches. Not unfrequently, numerous changes are made in the appointments during the last session of the Committee, and many of the brethren first learn from the lips of the Secretary, as he reads the scroll of fate, their destiny and that of loved ones dearer than themselves. Perhaps with a sigh they hear the delicate wife and unschooled children assigned to the hardships and deprivations of some remote Roughscrable Circuit. But with a fervent prayer and vow of faithfulness they face the unknown future, enbraved with the conscious sense of the providence and protection of God. Would any class of men in the world but Methodist preachers so surrender their personal liberty and place their destiny in the hands of an all-powerful committee? Only the most perfect loyalty to the Church of their choice, only the most perfect confidence in the unswerving integrity of the appointing power, and a serene trust in the providence of God, can give stability to such a system. Yet this system, based upon such high ethical principles, starting from small, obscure, and despised beginnings, has, within a century, belted the world with the most active evangelizing agency ever known; and to-day an army of four and twenty thousand preachers are thus appointed. Saw the world ever anything like it before? Methodism is a brotherhood—a family—in all lands, and we believe will be through all time.

There were certain considerations which give the past Conference year especial significance. It will be forever memorable as the year when the Church rose in the might of a noble Christian endeavour, and removed the heavy burden which was retarding and preventing the progress of the Gospel in our land, and by a wise and generous consecration of its means sought the wide and vigorous extension of its work. Many feared that in this special missionary effort the ordinary missionary contributions would be stinted, and the work embarrassed. But this has not been the case. From all the information at present attainable, it seems certain that the ordinary income will exhibit no falling off from that raised in the country the previous year. Indeed, in many cases, under the moral stimulus of the extension movement, the ordinary income has been largely increased. Our generous-hearted people have had an experience of the luxury of giving—of sacrifice and consecration for the best of causes; and we may anticipate that God will so open the windows of heaven and pour down spiritual blessings, and so enlarge their souls, that their annual givings to His cause shall be on a much more liberal scale than ever before. Too much commendation cannot be given to the faith, and zeal, and liberality, and loyalty to the cause of missions, of the ministers who, in a year of almost unprecedented stringency, often with small salaries and large deficiencies, seriously stinted themselves and their families that they might give a double portion to the cause of God. In many cases, the coveted books, the needed holiday, the household necessaries have been cheerfully foregone that they might the more largely aid in the extinction of the missionary debt.

It is a matter for devout thanksgiving to God that, notwithstanding the unparalleled drain on the membership of our Church, on account of removals from the country or to the far West, and the annual loss of those who join the Church triumphant in the skies, yet there is a considerable reported increase of members. That this is not much greater than it is, is a matter of profound regret, and should be to us all a cause for deep heart-searchings before God, and fresh consecration to His service. With all our agencies and churches, and latent Christian energy, the increase ought to have far greater results. Oh for the

breathing of the Divine Breath, which shall quicken all our Churches to more vigorous Christian life, and inspire all our membership with fresh zeal, and render active and potent the spiritual forces which, to so great an extent, lie passive and latent among us.

It is a matter for congratulation that such a large proportion of the conversions of the year have been those of the scholars in our Sunday-schools. This is as it should be, and as we ought to expect. Our schools are yearly growing in efficiency, and in the directness and power and hallowed results of their Christian teaching; and the number of conversions and of scholars attending class is yearly increasing. Unless we attain this result, all our improved appliances are in vain, and we fail of the great object for which we labour.

Among the pleasant episodes of the Conferences has been the visit of the Rev. F. W. Macdonald, the co-representative, with the Rev. Wm. Arthur, of the British Conference, to the General Conference at Cincinnati. His admirable addresses, his exquisite use of the grand old English tongue, the fine satiric touches of his missionary speech, and the warm and generous spirit of his greetings from the old land to the new, will not soon be forgotten by those who had the pleasure to hear them.

The visit to the Hamilton Conference of the Rev. Mr. Messmore, one of our own Canadian boys, for many years a successful missionary in India, was also an incident of great interest. His fine address on the progress of mission work in that Greater Britain of the far east was full of instruction and inspiration.

An important event in the history of our own mission work was the formation of a "Women's Missionary Society" in the city of Hamilton, which, we trust, will soon have many co-operating societies throughout our work. The condition of their heathen sisters is something which especially appeals to the sympathy of Christian women. In our own work we have several objects of prime importance, which their generous efforts, their wise thoughtfulness, and ingenious devices may greatly help. There are, for instance, the Girls' Home at Fort Simpson, already started, in response to an imperious necessity, by Mrs. Crosby; the Orphanage for Indian children at Fort Edmonton, which lay so near the heart of the late Rev. George Macdougall, and which would be the best and noblest monument to his name; and the mission schools in many parts of our Indian work. By parlour missionary meetings, by systematic special contributions, by missionary bazaars, and by collecting clothing for the Orphanage or Home, the loving hearts and busy hands of the women of our churches may greatly aid our mission work. To this subject we shall return again.

Immediately at the close of the Toronto Conference, the Rev. Dr. Sutherland, the energetic Missionary Secretary, set out for a lengthened tour of inspection of the Indian missions of the North-west, as far as the Rocky Mountains. He will be accompanied by the Rev. John Macdougall, and they will drive their own waggon, with camping outfit, over the hundreds of miles of prairie of that Great Lone Land, soon to be the home of millions for whom our Methodism has a solemn trust in charge, and an important work to do.

One of the most interesting incidents of the Toronto Conference was the passing of a resolution in connection with the superannuation of the Rev. Dr. Wood, the venerable Honorary Missionary Secretary, and for many years Superintendent of Methodist Missions in Canada. It expressed a sense of the great services which he had rendered the Church, and breathed the prayer that the benefit of his wise counsels might long be given to that mission work to which he had devoted the best energies of his life. The Revs. Dr. Ryerson, Dr. Rice, R. Jones, Michael Fawcett, and others, bore loving testimony to the fidelity, the zeal, the sympathy, and the ripe wisdom in the

discharge of his important duties, of the Rev. Dr. Wood.

The severance of Dr. Rice from his intimate relation to the London Conference, and his transfer to the Toronto Conference, with the view to his going as a missionary to the Prairie Province, was also the occasion of much kindly comment. No man has been more intimately connected with all the great movements of our church for many years than Dr. Rice; and no man commands more fully the admiration, and esteem, and love of those who know him best.

At each of the western Conferences a resolution of thanks was tendered the Rev. Dr. Ryerson for his kind compliance with their request, in preparing the admirable series of essays on the Epochs and Characteristics of Canadian Methodism, now appearing in this Magazine.

The admirable lecture of the Rev. Dr. Jeffers before the Toronto Conference, on the important subject of the Eternity of Future Punishment, was the most masterly and philosophical discussion of one of the great questions of eschatology, which more than any other is agitating modern thought, that we ever heard.

Of the proceedings of the Conferences at Stanstead and in the Maritime Provinces, we have not, at the time of this writing, received definite information.

THE LIMA SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

The celebration last month of the fiftieth anniversary of the Lima Seminary, near Rochester, was an occasion of great interest. During the last half century it has sent forth from its halls, with a more or less adequate preparation for the battle of life, over 20,000 students. Among these have been distinguished statesmen, generals, publicists, college presidents, as Dr. Nelles and Dr. Jacques; publishers, as Orange Judd; and "elect ladies," not a few. Hundreds of these returned to the semi-centennial. The town kept holiday. Speeches, poems, songs, mirth, and music were the order of the day—and of the night. The "old boys" and "old girls," many of them now grey-headed grandfathers and grandmothers, renewed their youth amid the old college scenes. Our own Dr. Nelles presided at one of the meetings, and greatly promoted the general hilarity by the blended wit and wisdom of his remarks. No friendships are more sacred, and no memories more tender, than college friendships and memories, and the old students, not without emotion, visited the dormitories and class-rooms of their boyhood and girlhood.

The second half century of Lima Seminary opens conspicuously under the able administration of Dr. Bridgman—an old Canadian, and graduate of Victoria University.

## RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL GENERAL CONFERENCE.

Such is the importance attached to this assembly of ministers and laymen, that towards it all eyes in the Methodist Church throughout the world have been turned. Representatives, both clerical and lay, were present, not only from all parts of the United States, but also from foreign lands, including India, Africa, and China.

A daily paper was published, containing very lengthened reports of the proceedings, which reached a circulation of more than 10,000. Not a few anticipated that great changes would be sure to be made in the Discipline of the Church. For weeks prior to the meeting of

Conference, the columns of the various *Advocates* were full of recommended changes, many of which related to the status of the Bishops and the election of Presiding Elders. Now that the Conference is over, it is amazing how few changes have been effected.

Four new Bishops were appointed, viz., Revs. H. W. Warren, D.D.; C. D. Foss, D.D.; J. F. Hurst, D.D., and E. O. Haven, D.D. The three last were connected with educational institutions, while the first named was one of the most popular and gifted pastors. They are all men of more than ordinary ability, and will be a valuable accession to the chief ministers of the Church. The only change of importance in the editorial corps is the appointment of Rev. J. M. Buckley to the tripod of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, in place of Rev. C. H. Fowler, D.D., who becomes Missionary Secretary in place of Rev. Dr. Dashiell.

The Memorial Service was of a most deeply affecting kind. Bishops Janes, Ames, and Haven, and Drs. Dashiell and Nelson, all strong men, had departed this life during the quadrennial; it was therefore meet that a service in memory of them should be held.

The General Conference took high ground on behalf of education, and even recommended that during the centenary year of Methodism in America, a fund shall be established of not less than ten millions of dollars, the whole of which shall be expended in promoting education. The Book Concerns at New York and Cincinnati, though yielding large profits, spend much of their gains in subsidizing certain *Advocates* which are not remunerative, and supporting branch depositories which do not pay. It was ordered that some of the latter should be discontinued.

The speeches of the coloured representatives not only compare favourably with those of their white brethren, but in several instances even exceed them. The representative from India, also, an educated Hindoo, gave evidence that he was a man of no mean ability, and was deserving of the respect with which he was treated.

### May Meetings.

The month of May in England is crowded with anniversary meetings, most of which are held in the famous Exeter Hall. From the reports which have come to hand it would seem that the meetings this year have not been in the least deficient in interest. Most of the societies are feeling the financial pressure, which greatly retards their operations. The Church Missionary Society reported an income of $1,108,615. A debt of more than $100,000 had been liquidated. The Presbyterian Church presents a good account of itself. It only has 268 congregations, with 249 ministers, to all of whom the Sustentation Fund paid the lowest minimum stipend of $1,000 per annum, which is creditable to the denomination. The British and Foreign Bible Society began the year with a debt of $150,000, most of which has been paid by special subscriptions. The income this year amounts to $554,-031, which is largely in excess of last year's. The issues at home and abroad are more than 2,500,000 copies. All lovers of the Bible must rejoice at the grand work that is being done by the Bible Society.

### Wesleyan Methodist.

The missionary anniversary sermons were followed by the breakfast meeting, which was not only an occasion of much social enjoyment, but also a season when much missionary intelligence was communicated by various speakers, most of whom were returned missionaries. The great attraction of the platform was a Zulu gentleman, who addressed the meeting in his native tongue, and was interpreted by a missionary. Dr. Punshon said his young friend had come to England to study the law, but that he should not wonder if the Lord called him to something higher. Next came the annual meeting proper, which occupied from 11 o'clock a.m. until 4 p.m. The income reached $639,000, but the

expenditure exceeds this amount by nearly $100,000, which necessarily prevents any further extension of the work until this burden is removed. From every part of the mission field there is the most gratifying intelligence of good being accomplished. Among the speakers who addressed this grand missionary meeting, our readers will be glad to find the name of Sir Alexander T. Galt, who has had many opportunities to witness the good accomplished in the Dominion by the labours of Methodist missionaries. His friends will be glad to hear that so soon after his arrival in England he is found on a missionary platform.

### English Missionary Training Institution.

Seven years ago this institution was inaugurated in London. The eastern portion of the metropolis, with its million of the working class, many of whom are practically heathen, was regarded as a suitable field for the candidates to exercise their gifts while they were being prepared for foreign stations. The Institute is undenominational, and, irrespective of nationality, prepares men from all societies, and for all lands, and all kinds of Christian effort. Already it has sent forth more than one hundred missionaries, who are labouring in China, India, Syria, Armenia, Egypt, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Africa, and various in South America, Australia, and New Zealand. Those who have visited the Institution commend it as being worthy of support

### Rev. Wm. Taylor.

This well-known evangelist is still devising liberal things. The heroic men and women whom he sent to South America have had to suffer much inconvenience by reason of the wars which have prevailed in that country. Some of them were even driven from their fields of labour by the insurgents. A few have died at their posts, and others have been laid aside by sickness. A Conference has recently been held by the missionaries in Valparaiso, and the brethren generally were hopeful respecting their work. Mr. Taylor is preparing to send a reinforcement of missionaries to this important field, where Protestantism has so long been under the ban. A delegate was in attendance at the General Conference in Cincinnati from Mr. Taylor's Conference in India.

### Temperance Items.

Lord Coleridge, in his recent charge to the Grand Jury in Bristol, England, before whom two murder cases were to come, said, "Drunkenness is the vice that fills the jails of England. If we could make England sober, we would shut up nine-tenths of her prisons."

The *Presbyterian Banner* says: "Every licence to sell liquor as a common beverage gives a legal right to him who holds it to injure his fellow-man, to impose heavy burdens upon society, and to hinder the progress of the Church.

Joseph Cook thinks "a pulpit silent on temperance discredits itself as much as a pulpit silent on dishonesty," and so it does.

As the result of temperance work in New York city, led by Mr. Murphy, twenty-five thousand names have been added to the pledge.

Dr. Reynolds claims that ninety per cent. of the 210,000 men who put on the red ribbon in Michigan during his temperance campaign two years ago, are still true to the pledge, and that 25,000 have been converted to Christ.

### The Bible.

Two hundred and twenty-six new translations have been made since 1804. The labour thus involved seems almost incredible. Dr. Judson was engaged nineteen years in translating the Burmese version, and Dr. Carey was occupied fifteen years with the Bengali version. The Tahitian version occupied twenty years, and the Arabic sixteen years. The missionaries, in many instances, have to construct their own alphabets, and grammars, and diction-

aries before they can translate a single verse. In some languages there are no words which correspond with the more prominent ideas of the Bible. It is difficult to find equivalents for sin, atonement, righteousness, while perhaps in the same languages there are a dozen words for to murder, but none for gratitude or forgiveness.

Among the translations published by the Bible Society, not less than a dozen have been made by Wesleyan missionaries.

Carlyle's quaint apostrophe of Voltaire may be given here: "Cease, my much-respected Herr von Voltaire; shut thy sweet voice, for the task appointed thee seems finished. Sufficiently hast thou demonstrated this proposition, considerable or otherwise, that the mythus of the Christian religion looks not in the eighteenth century as in the eighth. But what next? Wilt thou help us to embody the Divine spirit of that religion in a new mythus, in a new vehicle and vesture, that our souls, otherwise too like perishing, may live? What! hast thou no faculty in that line? *Only a torch for burning, no hammer for building?* Then take our thanks and—thyself away."

Dr. Punshon, at a late missionary convention, said, "When the citadel of our faith is attacked at home, let us go to our Missions to authenticate our theology; and in these days of sad latitudinarianism, when spiritual religion is by many derided as a myth and a mockery, let us go to our Missions to authenticate our experience."

## BOOK NOTICES.

*Fragments: Religious and Theological; a Collection of Independent Papers relating to various points of Christian Life and Doctrine.* By Daniel Curry, D.D. pp. 375. New York: Phillips & Hunt, and Methodist Book Rooms. Price $1.50.

This is a book of no ordinary value. It contains the best thoughts of one of the best thinkers of modern Methodism, selected for preservation from the miscellaneous writings of over thirty years. Dr. Curry is recognized as one of the most philosophical minds, and one of the most vigorous writers, of the M. E. Church. He has an affinity for high themes, for grappling with the great problems of morality, and for discussing the primal principles of religion. And no subjects can be more august or more practically important than those treated in this series of nineteen papers. They embrace, among others, the following: Sin a fact in the Spiritual Cosmos; the Doctrine of Condemnation; Redemption by Price; Righteousness through Faith; Redemption by Power (Holiness); Arminian *vs.* Calvinian Justification; The Will; Prayer—Its Nature and Potency; Physical Eschatology (giving the Doctor's views on the Resurrection, which have been much criticized but never confuted); Faith and Science; the Humanity of Christ; the Subjective of Christ.

Dr. Curry is a decidedly original thinker. He calls no man master. He reasons out his conclusions with a relentless logic of his own. We may not always be convinced, but it is almost impossible to invalidate his close-wrought, iron-linked argument. Those who love the fellowship of high thoughts, of suggestive and stimulative reasoning, of terse and vigorous expression, will derive both pleasure and profit from the study—for it will bear careful study—of this book.

*Holiness as understood by the Writers of the Bible.* By the Rev. J. AGAR BEET. London: Hodder & Stoughton, and Methodist Book Rooms.

The subject of Scriptural holiness has ever been a favourite theme of

Methodism. The spread of holiness is averred by its founder to be the great reason for its existence. And never has the Church been more successful in its divine mission than when this theme occupied at prominent place in her preaching, and was fully illustrated in the lives of her members. Yet many erroneous and unscriptural views have gathered around this doctrine.

In this admirable pamphlet the author traces the development of the idea of holiness through both the Old and New Testaments. He shows its progressive development from age to age, and its glorious efflorescence—shall we call it—in the teachings of our Lord and the apostles. We know of no more thoroughly Scriptural and Wesleyan exposition of this doctrine than that in the pamphlet under review.

*A Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans.* By JOSEPH AGAR BEET. Cr. 8vo, p. 385. London: Hodder & Stoughton, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price $1.80.

This is one of the most valuable commentaries on this important epistle with which we have any acquaintance. The author sets out from what may be called a purely rationalistic standpoint. He does not wish, he says, to take for granted the divine authority or supernatural origin of any part of the Bible. The only admissions he requires are that a letter exists professing to have been written by the Apostle Paul to the Christians at Rome, in various languages, in hundreds of MS., of various ages, and is quoted in many ancient writings still extant. Assuming this, he proceeds to enquire whether these documents afford sufficient proof that the epistle was actually written by Paul, and whether it is correctly represented in the English version. The chief argument is from a minute—almost microscopic—examination and careful study of the text itself—of its moral teachings, and of the undesigned coincidences, and what may be called accidental corroborations of history and secular literature. By taking for granted only matters of fact which nobody can deny, he builds up an irrefutable argument as to the genuineness and integrity of the epistle, and of the divine truth of the doctrines which it sets forth. The exposition is lucid and forcible, the scholarship ample and sound, and the criticism judicious and instructive. The book has been received with great favour in England, and we are glad to bid it welcome and wish it God-speed on this side of the Atlantic. It will lose none of its interest to our readers because it is the work of an accomplished and scholarly Wesleyan minister. The volume is a model of condensation of thought and expression, and is made still more concise by the adoption of a system of contracted spellings, which save much time and space. The study of this book cannot fail to give a deeper insight and fuller comprehension of this grand Pauline epistle.

*Dio the Athenian; or, From Olympus to Calvary.* By Rev. E. F. BURR, D.D., author of "Ecce Cœlum," etc. Cr. 8vo, pp. 498, illustrated. New York: Phillips & Hunt, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price $2.

It is difficult for the modern and occidental mind to conceive the conditions of thought and life at the period when Christianity made its conquest of Greece and Rome. It is to assist us in forming this conception that Dr. Burr has written the story of Dio the Athenian. The key of the story is the passage in Acts describing the result of Paul's preaching at Athens: "Howbeit certain men clave unto him, and believed; among the which was Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them." To these shadowy figures Dr. Burr has given form and substance. He reconstructs, from a careful study of contemporary history, philosophy, institutions and customs, their previous history, and traces the progress of their personal fortunes and religious convictions, and inspires in our hearts an intense sympathy with

the loves and sorrows, the perils and deliverance of the heroic Dio and the fair Damaris. Again we walk in the Agora of Athens and hear the ceaseless buzzing of the market-place; and loiter in the Porch and the Lyceum, and beneath the leafy groves of Academus, and listen to the reasonings and sophisms of the philosophers; and, like Paul beholding the splendid temples and the countless statues of the gods, are stirred in spirit as we see the city wholly given to idolatry. The incidents of the story are very dramatic; but, as our author remarks, it is as natural for such incidents to gather about such striking and noble characters as it is for heavy thunder-clouds and wondrous scenery to gather about a lofty mountain. The literary style of the book is exceedingly animated and picturesque, and often rises into that eloquence of diction which characterizes the learned author's other works.

*English Men of Letters; Cowper.* By GOLDWIN SMITH. 12mo, pp. 128. Harper & Brothers.

There is no English poet, the story of whose life so touches our heart as that of the gentle-souled Cowper. This feeling Mrs. Browning finely expresses in the lines—

"And now what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,
And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted.

"He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,
Named softly as the household name of one whom God has taken."

To the examination of the life and literary work of this genial subject, Professor Smith brings the fine taste and keen insight of one of the first of living critics. He gives us first a brilliant characterization of the times in which Cowper lived. Among the most potent forces of an age of general religious apathy he recognizes Methodism, whose influence on the character of Cowper he duly appreciates. The condition of society was appalling. "Ignorance and brutality," says our author, "reigned in the cottage. Drunkenness reigned in palace and cottage alike. Gambling, cock-fighting and bull-baiting were the amusements of the people. Political life was corrupt from the top of the scale to the bottom." The contempt for the Methodists was intense. "Their doctrines are most repulsive," said the dainty Duchess of Buckingham to Lady Huntingdon. "It is monstrous to be told you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth. This is highly offensive and insulting." "Her Grace's sentiments toward the common wretches that crawl on the earth," Mr. Smith remarks with fine sarcasm, "were shared, we may be sure, by her Grace's waiting-maid."

The biographer traces with graphic skill the sad and timid early years of the morbidly sensitive youth, and recounts his tragic attempts at suicide; but refutes certain other charges against his good name. The story of his sequestered life at Huntingdon and Olney, among his hares and flowers; his romantic female friendships; his seasons of deep despondency and religious despair, are told with sympathetic pen. Among the finest portions of the book is the discriminative literary criticism of Cowper's writings in prose and verse.

We doubt if Cowper's biographer is in full accord with the religious influences which so powerfully moulded the life of the genial poet; but he pays a noble tribute to those influences in a fine passage from which we quote the opening sentences:

"It is needless to enter into a minute description of Evangelicalism and Methodism; they are not things of the past. If Evangelicalism has now been reduced to a narrow domain, by the advancing forces of Ritualism on one side, and of Rationalism on the other, Methodism is still the great Protestant Church, especially beyond the Atlantic. The spiritual fire which they have kindled, the character

which they have produced, the moral reforms which they have wrought, the works of charity and philosophy to which they gave birth, are matters not only of recent memory, but of present experience."

*Quebec: Its Gates and Environs.* By J. M. LE MOINE, Esq. 8vo. pp. 94. Chronicle Office, Quebec.

In this pamphlet the accomplished historiographer of Quebec has collected a mass of interesting tradition, history, and gossip about the quaint old capital and its surroundings. Its study will add greatly to the pleasure of a visit to the ancient city, where

> Memories haunt the pointed gables,
> Like the rooks that round them throng.

Good engravings of the old gates, now demolished, and of the new Dufferin improvements, enhance the interest of the pamphlet.

*The Cherubim.* By the Rev. W. JEFFERS, D.D.; and *The Ordering of Human Life.* By the Rev. W. W. ROSS. pp. 42. Price 15 cents. Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

Dr. Jeffers' lecture before the Theological Union of Victoria College is a judicious discussion, in his own clear and forcible manner, of an obscure but interesting and important phase of Bible symbolism. The first part is a lucid exposition of Biblical aspects of the symbol. The second, a comparative examination of the symbolical animal figures of other ancient religions. The Rev. W. W. Ross's sermon before the Union is marked by the verbal felicity and profoundly religious spirit which characterize all his utterances.

*The Christian Rewards; or, the Everlasting Reward for Christian Workers, and the Millennial Reward for Christian Martyrs.* By the Rev. J. S. EVANS. 12mo, pp. xx., 119. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

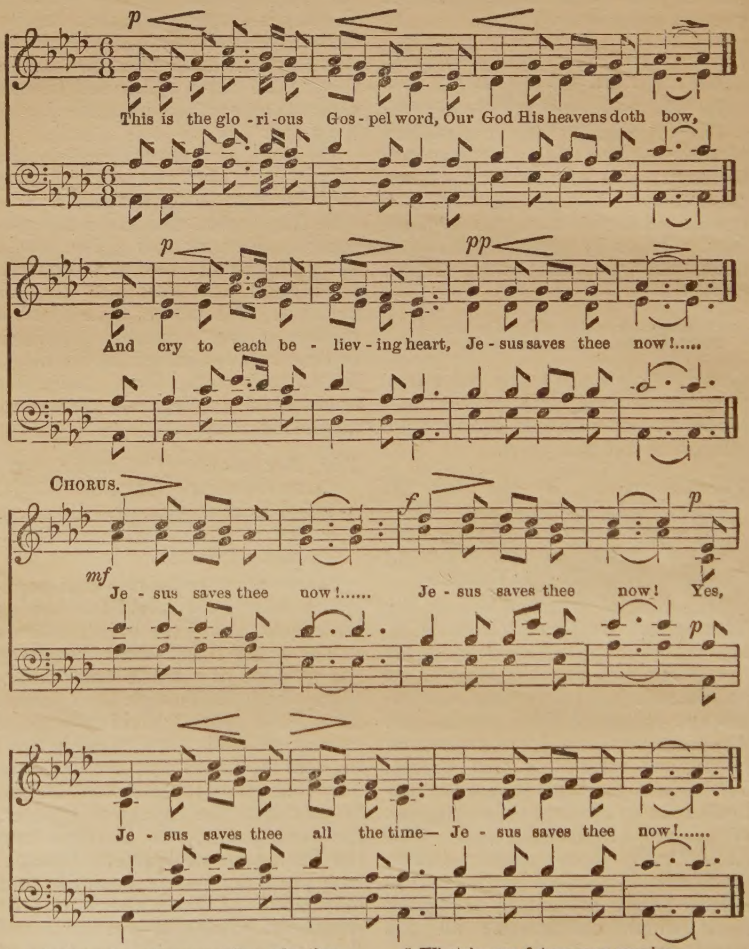
In this book, two profoundly important subjects are discussed. God reveals Himself as a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. Therefore the hero saints of old endured like Moses, as seeing Him who is invisible, having respect to the recompense of the reward. Herein is an exhaustless incentive and inspiration to blessed toil for the Master, till He shall pronounce the "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Of even greater interest is the second part of this book, referring to the millennial reward of the martyrs, founded on the celebrated passage in Rev. xx. 4-6. The whole subject of the millennium is discussed with great acuteness and exegetical skill. We cannot give even an outline of the argument. It needs to be carefully studied by the aid of the author's text. We wish for this book, which is elegantly gotten up, a wide circulation.

*The Backwoods of Canada.* By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D. D. Third Edition, pp. 405. Strachan & Co.; and Methodist Book-Rooms. Price $1.

More and more the crowded populations of the old world are turning their eyes toward the limitless lands of our great North-West, as giving the promise of a home and competence which their native land denies. This book gives a vivid picture of immigrant life in Canada, which will be very useful to new-comers, and very interesting to Canadian readers. It describes the voyage to Quebec, the land journey to Toronto, and the bush farm in Western Canada. The novel features of bush life, and odd traits of bush character, the wonderful variety of our fauna and flora, and the inevitable quantum of wolf and bear stories and adventures, and incidents of Indian life. It is a book that Canadian young folk especially will read with both pleasure and profit. It is written in Dr. Geikie's charming style. It is, moreover, a *true* story written from personal observation and experience, and he vouches that every detail is literally correct.

# JESUS SAVES ME NOW




2 God speaks, who cannot lie; why then
One doubt should I allow?
I doubt Him not, but take His word—
Jesus saves me now!—*Chorus.*

3 I trust not self, 'twould throw me back
Into Despond's deep slough;
From self I look to Christ, and find
Jesus saves me now!—*Chorus.*

4 Temptations hard upon me press,
No strength is mine I know;
Yet more than conqueror am I,
Jesus saves me now!—*Chorus.*

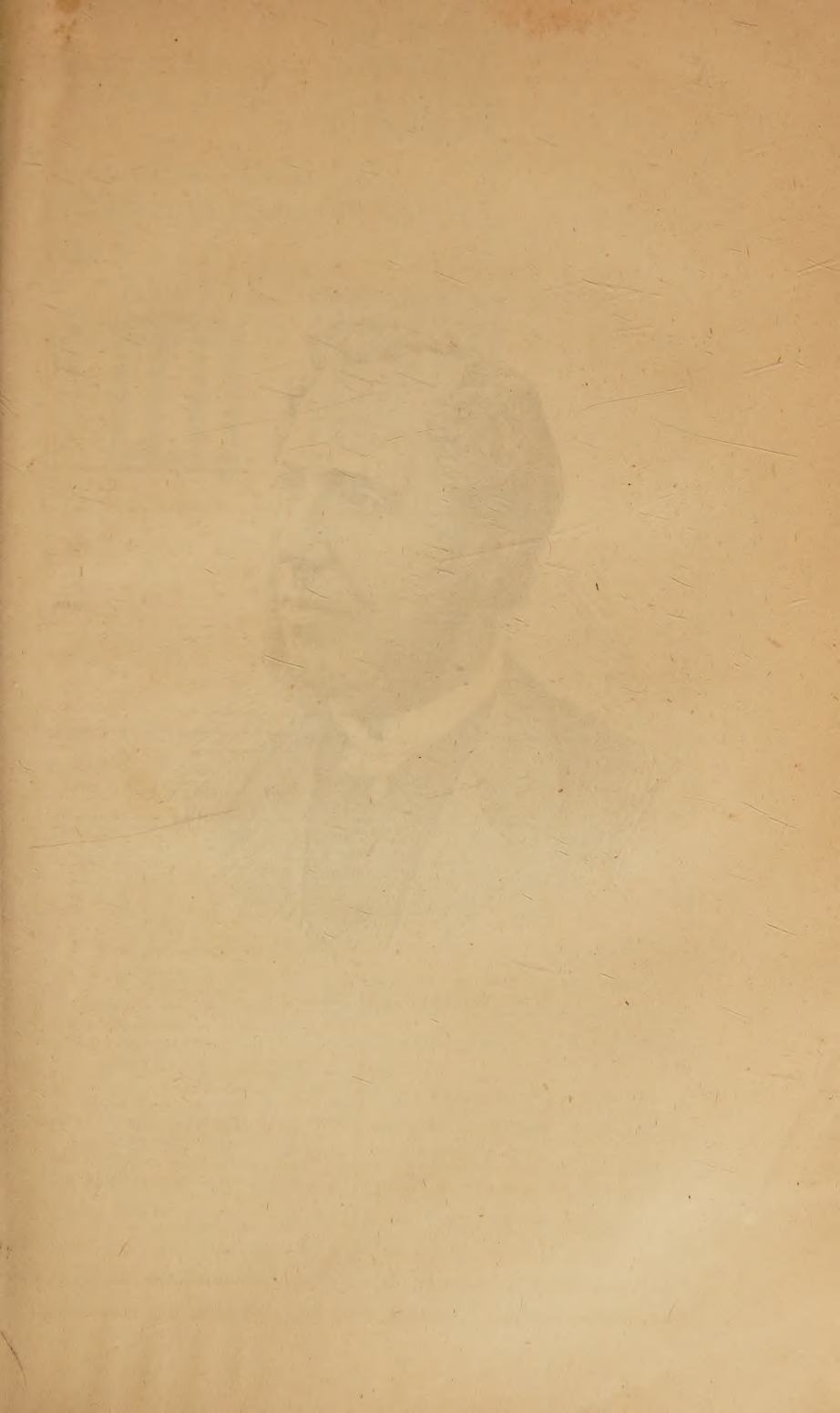
5 Whate'er my future may require,
His grace will sure allow;
I live a moment at a time,
Jesus saves me now!—*Chorus.*

6 Why doubt Him? He who died now lives,
The crown is on His brow;
The Son of Man hath power on earth,
Jesus saves me now!—*Chorus.*

7 And when within the pearly gates
I at His feet shall bow,
The heaven of heaven itself will be—
Jesus save me now!—*Chorus.*

Words by T. B. Stephenson (written and sung at "The Brighton Convention").
Music by S. J. Vail *(by permission).*

From Songs of Christian Life, published by Wm. Briggs, Methodist Book Room, Toronto.



Rev. William Briggs.